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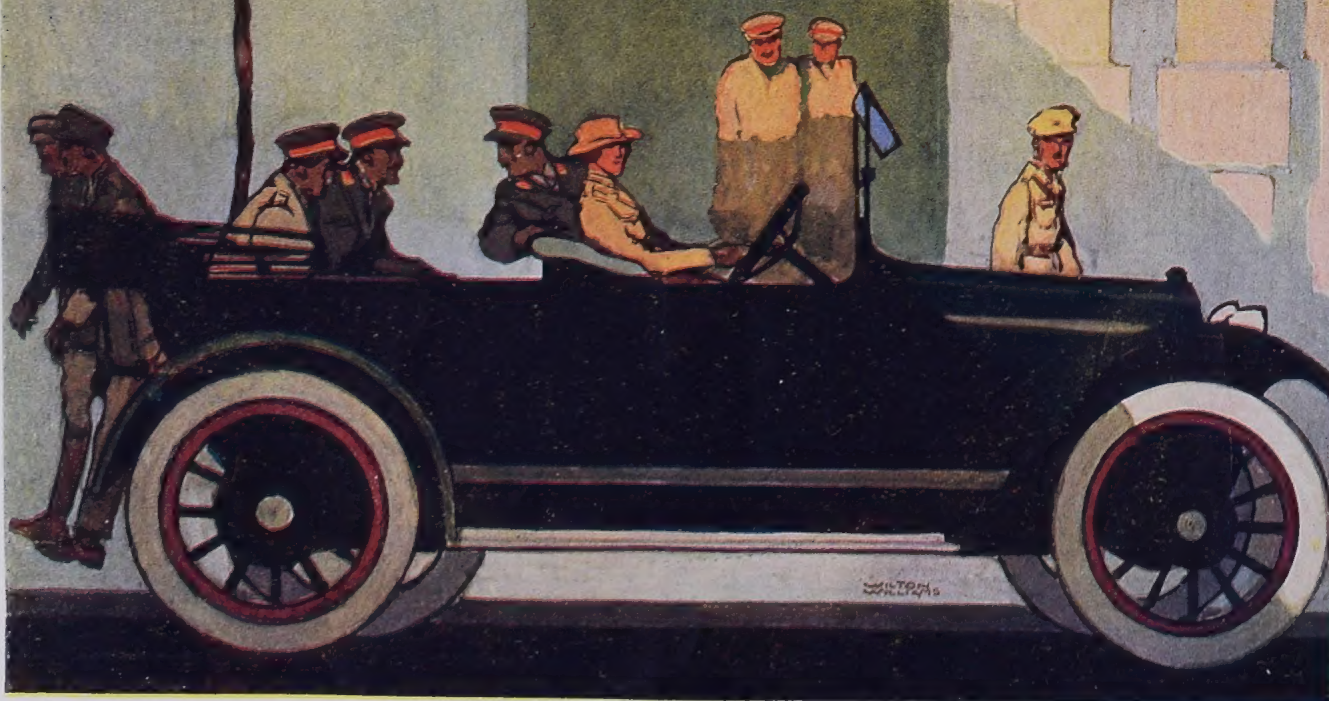
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The NEXT

Spring Millinery number of Vogue

V O G U E

REALLY, you know, all this excitement about the new spring fashions has gone to Vogue's head,—and so the next issue will be the Spring Millinery number. It doesn't even wait to lead up to its subject; it starts right in with a multitude of hats. You know, sometimes Vogue thinks that the Spring Millinery Number is the most thoroughly feminine thing it does. After all, woman's crowning glory is her hat. She may exist without a vote, but without a new hat—never. She may live without frocks, without furs, without spats, but civilized woman can't live without hats.

NEW VIEWS OF MILLINERY

Are you the sort of person who is at her best in a small hat? Well, if you are, you will have the time of your life this spring. There are a host of hats that seem made for your sole benefit. They are as small as possible or even probable, and many of them have not even an apology for a brim. They face the world, brimless and unashamed, towering high above their wearers. One must be very sure of her features and complexion to wear them, for a brimless hat is always merciless, but they are so amazingly smart that they are well worth striving for.

But perhaps you have no interest whatever in such trifles as toques and turbans. Perhaps a hat is as nothing to you unless it is large. If that is so, the Paris milliners have given especial thought to your case. There are countless hats as big as any woman could possibly desire. It just seems as though the Paris milliners, out of sheer kindness



The cover of the next, the Late February number of Vogue, is by Helen Dryden.

of heart, decided that every woman should have a successful spring, and so generously made both small hats and large ones. And after the Paris hats are off Vogue's mind (and there are about a hundred of them), it tells you all about the hats that are being done in Lon-

You know, hats always lead up—or rather down—to the question of coiffures. The coiffure can make or mar the effect of one's new hat—there is no higher power. Therefore, once it got started on the millinery subject, Vogue went right on into the new theories of hair-dressing. That is why the next issue is going to contain those charming photographs of the ways and means of the newest coiffures.

THE NEW SILHOUETTE

After the hats are all over, Vogue comes down from the heights and discourses further on the new silhouette as Paris sees it. There are all the latest recruits to the advance guard of spring fashions. And, just to show you what a practical and domestic magazine Vogue can be when it wants to, there are a round dozen of pages of patterns, so that the woman of limited income may have the season's modes.

All fashions aside, the next issue devotes part of itself to one of the handsomest apartments it remembers seeing. In fact, its interior is so very charming that Vogue took its trusty little camera under its arm and caught some glimpses of it, so that its readers might have the pleasure of seeing it, too.

And then there are photographs of what the stage is doing—and the stage, by the way, is doing some extremely entertaining things. At some private theatricals given in New York three one-act plays were presented by the smartest of amateur actors and actresses, and Vogue has the photographic proofs, all set down in black and white, of why they were so successful.

VOL. 49: NO. 3

Cover Design by Frank X. Leyendecker

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Early February 1917



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WHOLE NO. 1064

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Photograph by Lallie Charles

VISCOUNTESS ERRINGTON

Viscountess Errington was, before her marriage, Lady Ruby Elliot. She is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and is a sister of the present Earl of Minto. Her husband, who was in the Diplomatic Service, was private secretary to three successive Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, and was recently appointed Assistant Private Secretary to the King. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Cromer, holds the Russian Order of St. Anne, 2nd class, and was admitted in 1908 a Member of the Royal Victorian Order, 4th class.

"Be decorative, no matter what happens," is the law of spring hats. Far within the law is this one of old-blue straw and black satin, with a spray of apples of painted Japanese fabric. Though a curve is the line of beauty, many of the spring hats announce that they intend to make angles smart this season



LEWIS

A FORECAST OF THE SPRING MODE

Paris Offers Again the Barrel Silhouette, but Continues to Show Many Straight Line Effects with Normal Waist-line and Narrowed Skirt



PAQUIN

Here is Paquin's first spring barrel silhouette. Utterly devoid of trimming, tapering at the waist and feet, distended below the hips, it is very true to type

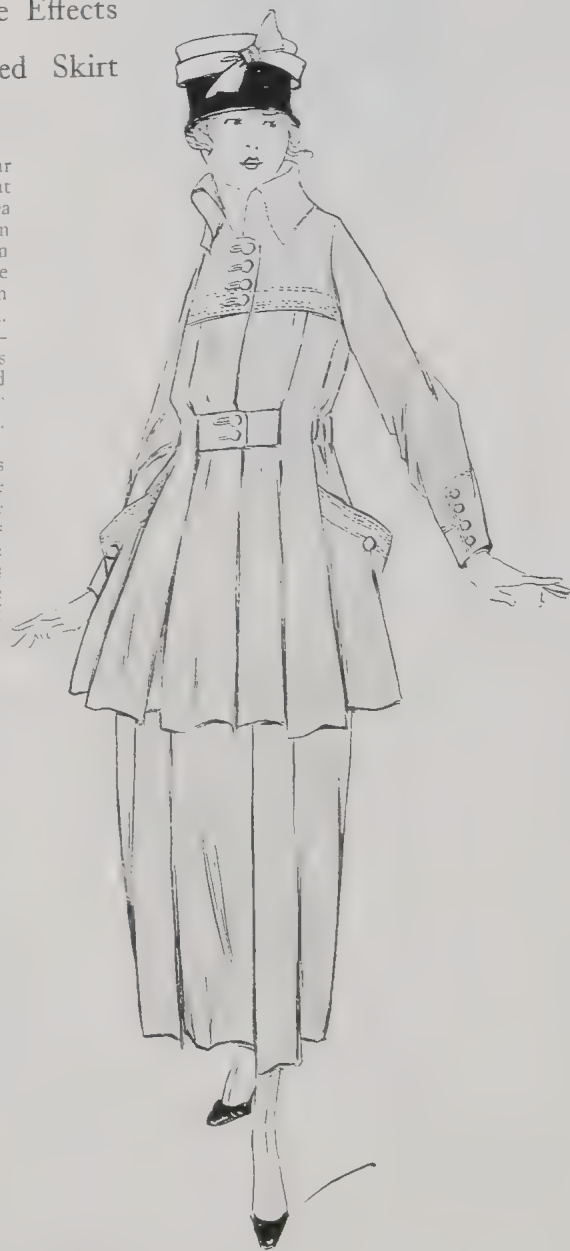
MORE than ever this season has the war affected the modes. Of old, one might see at the races, at the fashionable tea rooms, or on the Riviera, frocks from every great house in Paris and might count on one's fingers the new features to foretell the fashion. One might observe the trend of and with some degree of certainty foretell, the fashion. But now all this has changed. Couturiers themselves are more or less ignorant of the fashions created by rival houses. They are puzzled themselves, not knowing, as it were, whether to run with the hare or chase with the hounds. Paris lacks a modish "atmosphere."

This was notably the case last season. It was not until the openings were well over that we realized that of all the models shown, it was the chemise or moyen âge silhouette which was accepted as the leading mode. Working with no trying-out ground, as it were, there is always the possibility of too great a difference in the models of the different houses—too wide a gulf to be bridged at the last minute. But what to do? It is the war.

The couturiers try this fashion and that, halting between considerably more than two opinions. The hampering effect of the scarcity of tissues is to be reckoned with as an inexorable factor in the making of modes.

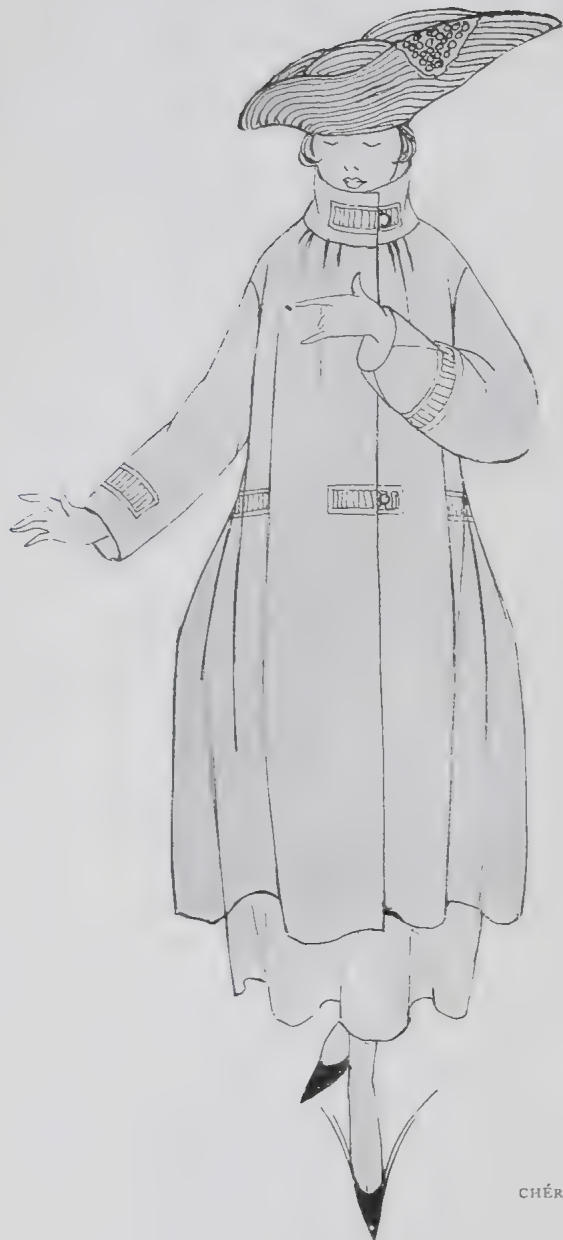
THE BARREL SILHOUETTE

In the autumn collections of Callot and several other couturiers, there were shown one or two examples of the barrel silhouette—a fashion which was offered but not accepted. Apparently, every one preferred the straight line, and all this season the chemise has held undisputed sway; but now, preparatory to the February openings, as if by one accord each house seems suddenly to have been inspired to bend if not to break the straight line, perhaps as a preliminary step to breaking it altogether later on. Be that as it may, one finds that within a fortnight practically every couturier in Paris has simultaneously remembered the discarded barrel of the autumn and has determined once more to offer it as a spring fashion. Lacking anything newer, the American buyers have seized upon the barrel with avidity and already a number of versions of this fashion have reached New York. Vogue showed several examples of this barrel silhouette in its autumn issues—immediately after the openings. Callot, who is given the credit of launching this model, had a model in the November first issue, page 32. Even earlier, in the issue of October first on page 30, was shown a Paquin model with



DEUILLET

Deuillet's newest suit is narrow at the feet, wide at the hips, and belted at the normal waist-line. The yoke and the slightly bulging sleeve are spring features



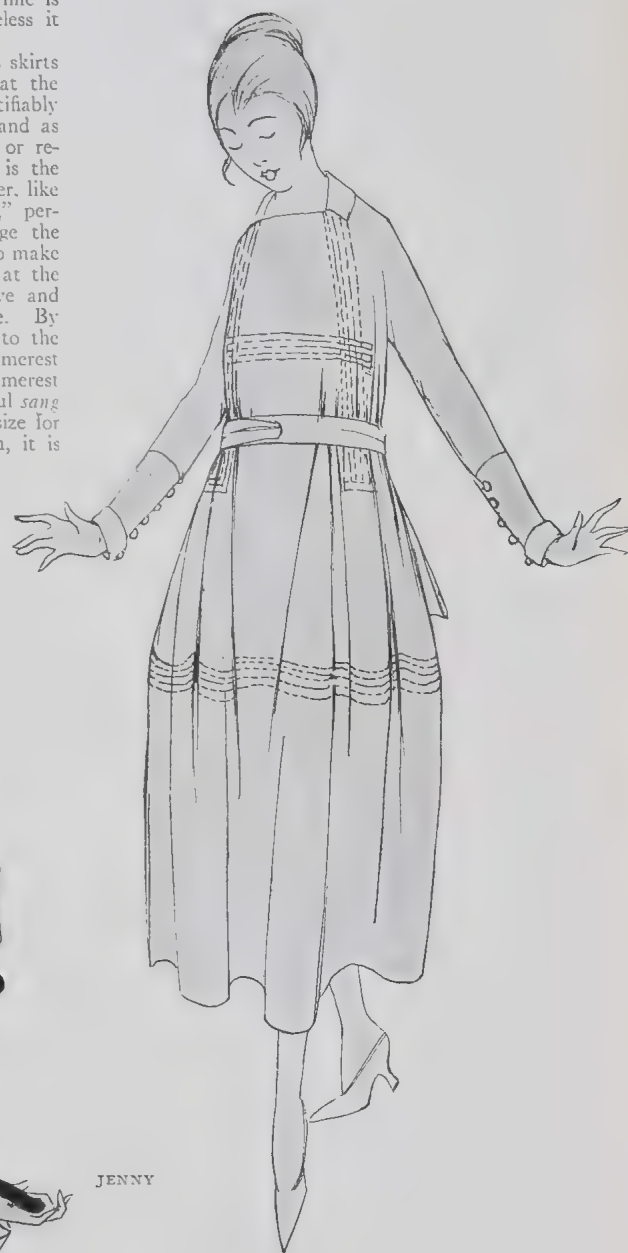
CHÉRUIT

a decidedly bowed outline. This "new" line is so old that it is puzzling, but nevertheless it seems to be making headway.

A glance at the latest models shows us skirts grown suddenly and incredibly narrow at the feet, sleeves growing all at once unjustifiably short, and waist-lines taking no fixed stand as to whether they will ascend or descend or remain sedately normal. We are told it is the war. Tissues are scarce, and the couturier, like the rest of the world, "makes economy," perforce, where he can. Obligated to change the skirt, he makes it a bit longer. Unable to make it any closer at the hips, he tightens it at the hem. He cuts a little bit off the sleeve and curves the coat close to the waist-line. By means of cunning methods known only to the couturier, he creates a frock from the merest fragment of tissue, garnishes it with the merest semblance of trimming, and with delightful *sang froid* presents a bill which makes up in size for all that the frock lacks in cloth. Again, it is the war.

SIGNS OF SPRING

Morning frocks are severe and depend almost wholly upon stitching done in some decorative manner for trimming; coats are plain with skirts even more severe, primly "toeing in" at the hem. Jackets and cloaks are often not cloaks at all but rather capes, sleeveless and vague in line but oh, so smart. Some of them are so short that they could only be worn over a short-waisted frock. Af-



JENNY

(Above) Every designer is essaying several models in this new "barrel" silhouette, wider somewhere between waist and ankle than anywhere else. It may grow slowly in favour as the season advances or it may be coldly dropped. A new fashion could have no worse enemy than a too sudden and great popularity, and if that should happen to the barrel silhouette it would probably be dead by summer. This coat is of tan duvetyn velours, lined with beige satin, and trimmed with a coarse stitching in tan silk.



PAQUIN

(Above) "This never can be I," says her expression; and indeed she may well be surprised at her new outline. The striking thing about it is its barrel-like skirt, which, cut in two portions, is joined above the knee with rows of beige stitching to make it bow out. The frock is of beige Poiré-twill, with collar and cuffs of white satin. The girdle is tied in a loop at the back. No wardrobe, if it is a wardrobe that delights in the new signs that fashion gives us, is complete without one of these models.

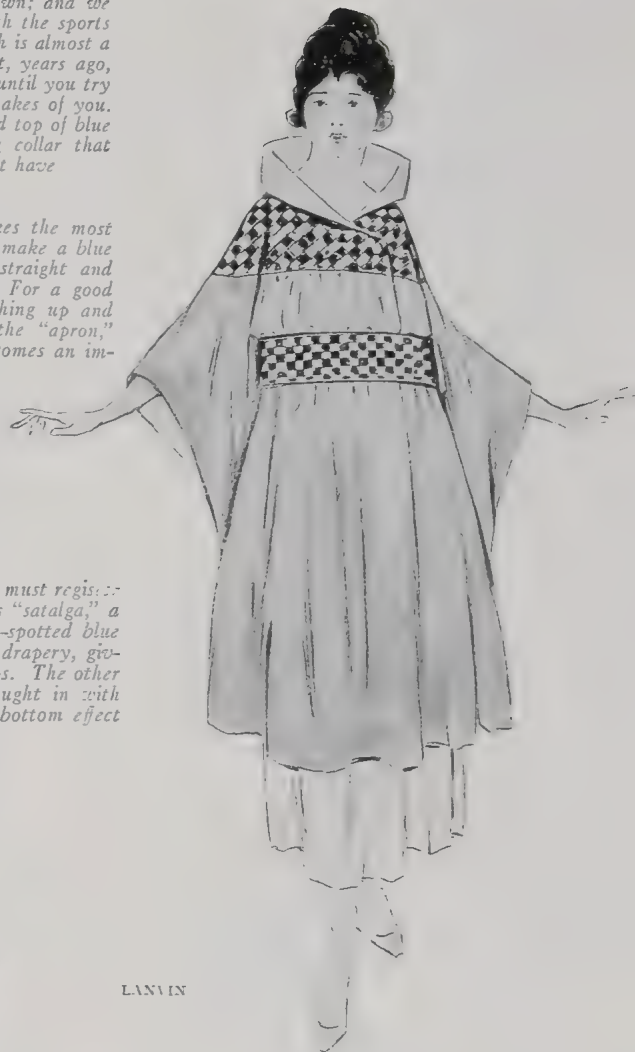
The proportion, they say, of barrel to straight skirts in Paris is about one to three. The French models are being warmly welcomed in America, and the betting odds will probably be more in their favour in the near future. The suit is of beige-coloured corded silk, and its coat is surprisingly short. The revers are of navy blue camel's hair cloth, and the unique loops, simple as are all present Paris trimmings, are lined with blue camel's hair.



DOUILLET

(Right) Sports coats we have known; and we are on the most intimate terms with the sports suit; but here is a sports cape which is almost a new departure, for it appeared last, years ago, as a golf cape. You have no idea, until you try it on, what a different woman it makes of you. This white serge cape has a belt and top of blue and white plaid, and the dashing collar that every sports cape simply must have

(Left) Though this couturier makes the most bent of "barrel" lines, he can also make a blue serge frock so uncompromisingly straight and narrow that it might be labelled: For a good girl. The trimming is beige stitching up and down the belt and round about the "apron," stitching so exquisitely done it becomes an important trimming



LANVIN

(Below) There are two things you must register about it. One is that it combines "satalga," a plain black material, with a white-spotted blue silk; the latter, as collar and side drapery, giving the new fullness through the hips. The other is the subtle way the skirt is caught in with stitches to give the narrow-at-the-bottom effect



PREMET

ternoon frocks are tightened enough at the waist-line to prevent anyone taking them for chemises, and some of them even suggest the princesse lines. It is long since we have seen the princesse frock. However, this is not the wasp-waisted variety of princesse,—rather call it a princesse in disguise. The lines are almost moyen-âge, the skirt is ankle-length, almost, and the sleeves are long and closefitting. Blouses are of mousseline and thin crêpe, with short sleeves and decorative splashes of woollen embroidery, and one sees belts of leather, silk, and other tissues, with here and there a metal buckle.

There is every reason to suppose that the one-piece frock, rather than the tailored suit, will be the leading mode for the spring. This will be in some instances the chemise, in some cases the belted-frock—belted more or less tightly at the waist-line, and—rare examples these—sometimes a high-waisted, loosely belted frock, with a straight-falling skirt. One-piece frocks may be left comfortably open at the neck, or may be fastened high about the throat, for warmth. Of wool, cotton, or silk, in checks of different sorts, these frocks, which resemble a belted "chemise," cannot fail to attract the eye. One is of black cheviot, crossed-barred with broken stripes of white. One is of dull blue silk, minutely checked with black. One is of checked woollen stuff in buff and white, trimmed with buff leather. And there are others of soft grey, beige, or green, with not the slightest hint of trimming. We gaze after them longingly.

DOUBTFUL DRAPERIES

There had been some attempt at drapery, but it is doubtful if the draped frock will endure through the expositions. There is also a half-chemise, half moyen-âge frock, vaguely suggesting the princesse, which is exceeding graceful and exceedingly pretty. And at the moment we are promised simple one-piece frocks with wraps of some sort, probably the cape-manteau. Picture

the despair of the hopelessly "tailored" woman. However, the couturiers are amiable people, and without doubt there will be tailored suits a-plenty shown in the spring collections.

The lack of colours—of certain dyes—also has an important effect on the fashion. The couturiers must do what they can with the material at hand. If fine woollen stuffs are lacking, they must use harsh fabrics. If woollen tissues are not to be had, they must use silk and cotton. Lacking bright dyes, they must use dull-toned stuffs.

It may be the lack of dyes which has pushed checked stuffs to the fore, achieving by contrast the colour which is actually lacking. This is one of the "tricks of the trade," and it has proved, just now, a most successful one. Checked stuffs will be widely used this season, not only as trimming for cloaks and frocks of white or neutral tints, but for hats as well. Many smart sports hats are covered with checked stuff of a more or less striking pattern.

JACQUES ENDORSES CHECKS

It is perhaps a mistake to say that checked stuffs are used as trimming. In effect, checked fabrics are combined with plain stuffs: in some instances, the proportion is nearly "half-and-half." Callot, for instance, has brought quantities of checked stuffs—the small broken checks called "*croix de guerre*"—which, I am told, are to be combined with plain coloured jersey and other one-toned fabrics. The new jersey swaggers abroad under a new name. It is slightly coarse, this new variation, with a rather hairy surface, and a bit of white wool is woven with the beige, rose, or blue threads. One might easily mistake it for cheviot. "Djersa" is the name given to the new version of this time-honoured tissue, and "djersa" will figure largely in the spring collections.

Lanvin is already making sports capes of jersey trimmed smartly with checked cheviot. These capes are ample, with wide cuffed openings for the arms and smart collars. Mme.

Lanvin is using much jersey at the moment, which is proof enough that the cry of "fore" which resounded last season, has fallen on unheeding ears. Like many of the other houses, the Maison Lanvin is exploiting the narrow skirt,—that is, the skirt with the narrow effect at the hem. However, this is not a new line at the Maison Lanvin, where I saw, just after the midsummer openings, a skirt with narrow godets tapering down from outstanding pockets. The skirt of the jersey frock sketched at the lower right on this page falls quite straight, and measures about two metres in width.

Some of Dœuillet's models bulge noticeably at the hips. Sketched at the right, on page 11, is a frock of this sort of dull blue cheviot—a hairy, tightly-woven canvas, called cheviot for want of a better name—stitched with beige thread, and finished with beige and blue corozo buttons. The skirt measures only *un metre quarante* in width, which, after the voluminous skirts of yester-year, is narrow indeed. However, M. Dœuillet



who has all the courage of his convictions, is making other skirts just as narrow.

Premet also makes the tapering skirt. The costume of black and white "satalga" sketched at the bottom of page 13 shows this line as exploited by Premet. This skirt is narrowed by means of skilfully placed stitches, which one suspects may be quickly undone, should the occasion arise, so that the skirt will fall straight. Dark blue silk strewn with large white spots forms the top of the skirt, the looped drapery on each side, and the turned-back lining of the smart little jacket.

In the rue Cambon, Mlle. Chanel quietly continues to make frocks of jersey. The new "djersa" is largely employed. Smart new manteaux and tailored frocks are made of that beige variety, which, with its elusive white intermingling thread, so resembles covert cloth, and these garments are made with all the severity appropriate to that fabric. The skirt of a very new Chanel

Fur is scarce in France very well, said the French couturier, we will make our next collar of red embroidered woollen tissue, lace it with black satin, and accompany it with a high black satin hat and gold-tasselled chain on the side. And, as usual with the couturier, the effect was perfect.

MODELS FROM LANVIN



(Left) When we fare forth this spring, we often go in jersey, often in cheviot. One of the cleverest designers combined black and white cheviot with cream jersey. (These contrasts of material are rather the rage, you know.) The beret is of cream felt, with a black and white pompon



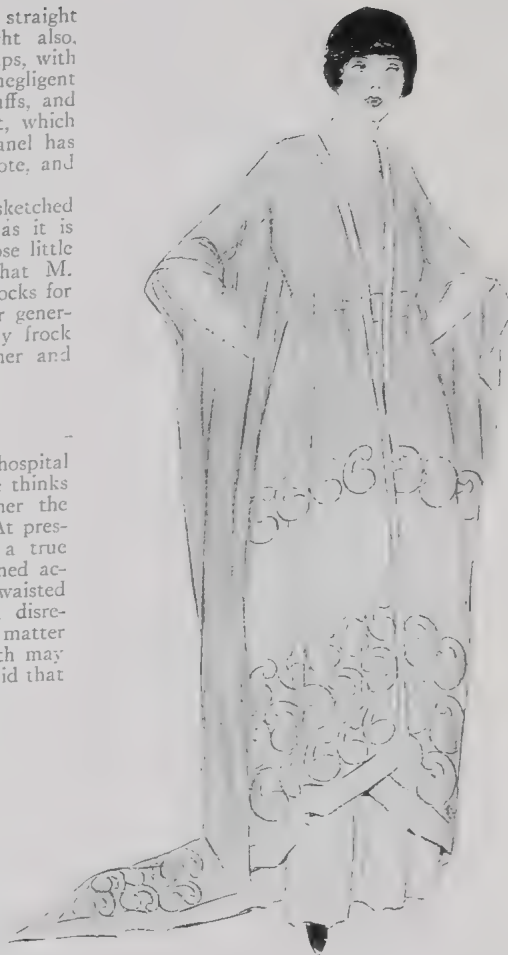
(Left) Starting with white jersey, the designer cut this coat finger-length, with loose-cuffed sleeves. Then as to trimming, she used blue braid on the coat, just above where she omitted it on the skirt, and vice versa. There is also a blue buckle, for buckles do exist this spring. The white straw hat is braided with chenille

tailleur is two metres wide and falls straight from the hips. The jacket is straight also, extending to the broadest part of the hips, with a narrow girdle of jersey tied in a negligent bow. Severe little pockets, straight cuffs, and a collar of Kamchatka finish this coat, which is altogether to be desired. Mlle. Chanel has succeeded in striking a very pleasing note, and her models are much in demand.

The two new models from Worth, sketched on page 19, are as limp and straight as it is possible for frocks to be. The short loose little coats are almost frivolous, proving that M. Worth, who insists on making stately frocks for his stately patrons, still has the younger generation well in mind, and for each stately frock created for a duchess, he makes another and more youthful frock for her daughter.

THE WORTH WAIST-LINE

M. Worth, who is so interested in hospital work that it is only by accident that he thinks of clothes, has not yet decided whether the Worth waist-line shall be high or low. At present he is making both, realizing, like a true artist, that each woman should be gowned according to her kind. So he fashions high-waisted frocks and low, short skirts and long, disregarding any fixed fashion. However, no matter how wide a skirt from the Maison Worth may be, it looks narrow, so it may safely be said that Worth is also making narrow skirts.



THREE MODELS FROM WORTH

Mme. Berthe Bady is appearing in "La Frontière" at the Théâtre des Arts. Like other French women nowadays, Mme. Bady wears subdued colours. The gown she has a serious beauty: it is of black mousseline de soie, hung with marron tissue

There comes a time in "La Frontière," when Mme. Berthe Bady must appear in the sombre grace of a mourning gown, and this is the one she chooses. It is of black mousseline de soie, with touches of jet on the bodice, and from the left shoulder falls a long veil of black mousseline

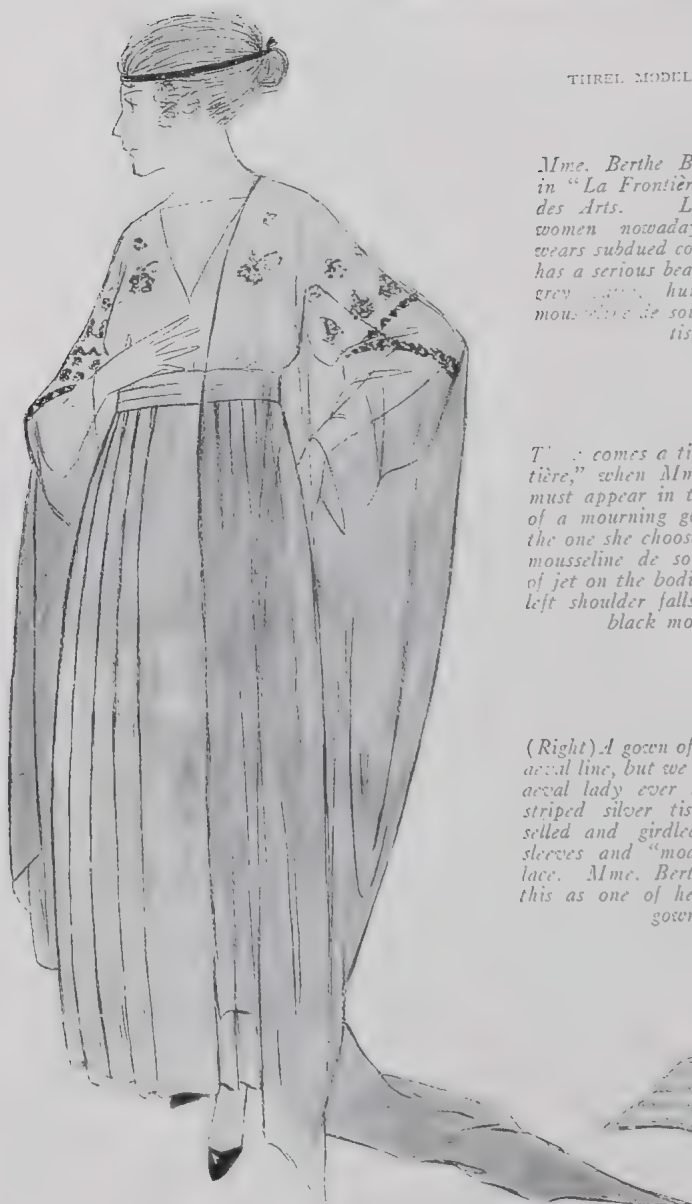
(Right) A gown of distinctly mediæval line, but we doubt if a mediæval lady ever had a gown of striped silver tissue, silver tasselled and girdled, with undersleeves and "modesty" of silver lace. Mme. Berthe Bady chose this as one of her trio of stage gowns

Mme. Jenny's newest models also show the general tendency. The skirts are longer and narrower than those of last year. Not so chemise-like, perhaps are the latest creations of this house, although they are closely related to that garment. Just a little closer at the waist, just a little narrower at the hem are the new Jenny models, which retain all the comfortable wearable qualities for which the creations of the house have always been noted. One is always prettily frocked when frocked by Jenny, who has the knack of always striking in her creations a gracious note which unfailingly pleases her fair clients.

ANGLICIZED ATMOSPHERE

We are growing accustomed now to pea-soup for breakfast,—pea-soup in the form of sticky fog. From our windows we gaze fearfully at the murky haze. We light our candles at midnight—not daring to employ the precious electricity—and peer helplessly about the dim recesses of our dwellings. The friendly invasion of the English carries with it an all-pervading influence. Even the atmosphere is becoming anglicized.

Week to week—almost from day to day—Paris grows more dull. In search of surroundings less *ériste*, people are going to Spain, to Biarritz, and to the Riviera. It is like the Exodus. One leaves dark gloomy Paris by night and arrives next day in a land not perhaps



(Below) Of all designers who love jersey cloth this designer loves it most, and accomplishes the most startling things with it. This season that means a great deal because of the immense popularity of jersey. Here, black silk jersey is combined with black lace for an afternoon frock.



THREE MODELS FROM CHANEL

(Left) Here the noted designer of sports clothes has carried an outdoor style into the making of an evening coat; for this model, "Mélisande," has a trimness of line, a close sleeve, and a narrow belt that evening wraps do not often have. It is of corbeau satin and gold embroidery.



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

(Right) To use jersey successfully in a manteau is a thing few designers could accomplish, yet here it is successfully done. This manteau, "Teheran," is of beige jersey edged with marine blue. Like many French things just now, it is devoid of all trimming except tassels.



(Above) We had not forgotten charmeuse—we have known right along that this satin would come back, because it is so graceful and durable, and this season it has re-arrived. This violet charmeuse frock is trimmed with jet embroidery and two large jet buttons in the front.

exactly flowing with milk and honey, but at least a land glowing with sunshine,—a land where at night street lamps burn brightly and where electricity has not as yet been forbidden.

For those of us who stay in Paris there are charity fêtes and still more charity fêtes,—just one "charity" after another. Money may be spent for more useless articles than were ever before imagined or devised. And now that buyers are tiring of the "charity" articles, Parisian are emptying their treasure chests—selling their cherished bibelots for any price, in order to contribute to some particular class of war sufferers. There was a sale of such articles a few days ago at the Georges Petit Galleries, and the objects sold were unique, for they were contributed by various members of society as well as by well-known collectors.

The Countess de Bearn, who organized the sale, gave, amongst other things, a number of interesting Japanese prints. The Marquise de Ganay contributed a sedan chair which was sold for many thousand francs. The Baroness de Rothschild also was a generous contributor to

the collection, which comprised paintings, tapestry, jewels, china, rare glass, miniatures, fans, and all sorts of objects of art long cherished by their owners. Particularly interesting was a collection of rare old fans, the painted beauty of which attracted a crowd of worshippers on the afternoon of the private view.

Somewhat different in character was a charity sale held recently at the Ritz, where one might have bought almost anything from a baby elephant to a kimono. One corner of the salon was given over to a monkey mart,—certainly the last word in innovations at the Ritz. Not only were monkeys sold, but lion cubs as well, and "Pekes," "Poms," and parrots, in cages and out. The "zoo" proved such a success that a new supply of dogs and lions was required daily, and as for monkeys—no costume was complete without one. Besides, there were cushions, lampshades, handbags and all sorts of small articles, the birthplace of which, so to speak, is the charity bazaar. And the sale, which was organized by the Princess Lucinée, was a great success.

A. S.

JENNY IGNORED THE COLLARS OF TWO BLOUSES,
BUT GAVE THEM INTERESTING SLEEVES; A
NÉGLIGÉE AND FROCK SHE MADE ONE-PIECE



(Upper left) This blouse of white crêpe de Chine was clever enough to acquire one of those smart sashes and a pair of unusual sleeves. Another very nice thing about it is a blue bead fringe unexpectedly edging the basque and giving the blouse the desired chic



(Upper right) To be severe, yet kindly, is an accomplishment, but this blouse does it. White crêpe is severely arranged in box pleats, yet the long line is a kindly one, and a satin girde adds a softening touch. These self-trimmed blouses seem to be done a great deal in these days when trimming is almost nihil

(Lower left) The sort of negligée before which the sternest of us fall is made of rose crêpe de Chine edged with gold braid, girdled with a garland of tiny roses, and veiled all over with a tunic of rose voile de soie edged with ermine. Gold tassels in this case are nothing short of a necessity



(Lower right) The serge frock has become second nature to the modern woman. Here we have a marine blue version, embroidered with self-colour soutache braid and banded at the corsage and sleeves with white linon (we have heard that linon is to be smart) and held in with a blue moire ribbon belt and rosette



PREMET ADDS A TASSEL OF SILK
TO A FOLD OF MATERIAL AND
EVOLVES THEREWITH A TRIMMING



(Left) Flying buttresses appear at the sides of this serge chemise frock, by way of ornament, and each ends with a silk tassel; frock and tassels are the colour of undyed silk. The long-sleeved blouse is of white mousseline



(Above) If it has hinted to you that it is a separate coat, it is only pretending, for Premet ruled that it should be a one-piece frock of serge, the colour of undyed silk, Japanese-embroidered in grey silk threads of different shades. It is well on the way toward the princesse line



In the absence of much trimming on the frocks from Paris, these dangling tasselled panels are the more evident; we fancy they may be another effective French economy. The frock is beige satin alpaca, embroidered in bright red threads; its waist-line is normal and close



(Above) Those who love the sports suits should know that smart sports suits have coats and skirts of contrasting colour, and that one of the best combinations is plain with figured material. To this coat of cerise tussore and skirt of cream tussore with red and yellow figures, Paris added violet tassels

FROCK SKIRT, OR SUIT SKIRT, IF IT IS NOT BARREL SHAPED, IT IS SURE TO BE STRAIGHT-HUNG, THAT IS, IF IT IS TRULY SMART

(Below) Leather seems to be among the few trimmings suits allow themselves this spring. This costume of blue flannel makes rather sparing use of "doe-skin" (or perhaps it had better be called "pseudo-skin") in the form of embroidery and a belt from which hang amusing straps



WORTH

(Right) Never was a frock more frankly and unreservedly "chemise" than this one which is fashioned of black satin and gold embroidery. The straight box-pleated skirt is held in at the waist by a narrow gold-embroidered belt. There seems to be every indication that this will be a fashionable silhouette this spring



BEER



WORTH

IT'S A RATHER DIFFICULT CLIQUE TO MAKE, THAT SMART SET OF THE GREAT UNTRIMMED, BUT WHO WOULD DENY THAT THESE GOWNS BELONG?

(Left) This mastic-coloured covert cloth suit is another proof that these perfectly straight, box-pleated skirts have a way of looking narrowed at the hem. White mousseline vest and a black satin hat trimmed with beige cotton lace and a beige quill complete this costume



BEER

(Above) In a moment of severity, the designer made a costume of mastic cloth, straight in line and given to no trifling ornament save a bit of opium fur and a few beige buttons. It is to be noticed that the hat is fairly long, for Paris expects such hats to be this long or longer this spring

BEHOLD THE NEW SILHOUETTE IN ALL ITS GLORY; THUS HAS PARIS GLORIFIED THE OUTLINES OF THE LOWLY BARREL

(Right) It seems as if the new silhouette were becoming popular; the designers are taking it seriously. One of the most serious ways to take it is in this frock of black gabardine with folds of black satin on sleeves and hem (that alone would date it spring, 1917), and a collar embroidered with soutache



THREE MODELS FROM BERTHE-HERMANCE



(Above) Usually, the puffed-out part of the new silhouette is accomplished by gores and darts and other technicalities; but once in a while a genius is born into the world who can accomplish it by draping the skirt. That's what happened to this frock of marine blue and silver grey satin, with silver braid to emphasize the lack of trimming



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

(Above) Somewhere in France, between the waist-line and the end of the skirt, the newest silhouette suddenly broadens out. It happens higher than usual in this frock of pleated rose satin, over which is hung a tunic of bronze tulle, draped just where it needs it, embroidered with gold, and edged with marron velvet. The sleeves are of pale rose tulle



(Left) You see, if a skirt is cut perfectly straight, it goes in at the hem of its own accord; and then if draperies are piled on it,—well, there is the new silhouette in all its glory. The frock is of marine blue gabardine collared with white Georgette crêpe over an embroidered blue collar



Gone are the days when a highly estimable young man, introduced with due pomp and ceremony by some trusted friend of the family, bowed low and "solicited the honour of a polka." The polka was a chaste dance for young girls; the waltz—an expurgated edition of the waltz at that—could only be indulged in by married women

THE DECLINE and FALL of the DANCE

FROM the Dowager Marchioness de Semblançay to the Baroness de Fau-trage:

Paris.

July 15th, 1914.

Here I am in Paris, my dear, and what a fuss there has been about it! But when one reaches my age and has not set foot in Paris for some thirty years, you will admit that one has a right to be a little flustered. I have been here nearly five days, and I would have written you sooner were it not for my dear niece's wedding, to celebrate which I decided recently to leave my Brittany estate, and which, as you may suppose, absorbed me beyond belief. The presentations, the dinners, the ball, the betrothal night, I had to take them all at a single draught, smile at a thousand people, pretend to recognize a hundred little Madames, whom, it seems, I had seen enter the world, and who are now each provided with half a dozen of offspring. In short, I tell you, I haven't had time to breathe, and I continue to rub my eyes like a person before whom are passed, without ceasing, endless pictures each more strange and ridiculous than the other.

Ah, my dear friend, where am I? Where are we? Why, one can find in the Paris of to-day hardly a trace of the capital of our childhood. There is such a racket, such a dust, such an unimaginable come and go, not to mention the ridiculous buildings which, at every crossing, have so unsuccessfully taken the place of the old *Hôtels* where we were born and brought up. Because of my white hair and my position as dowager, I have hardly been outside of the rue St. Dominique. Nevertheless people have been very kind; many have come to see me, and I have again picked up some of the threads of my acquaintance with friends of all ages. I must confess to you that the youngest among my visitors seem to me to be somewhat changed. I have been invited to very fine dinners. But even there, the general attitude of society gave me a surprise. For,

Dancing Once Meant a Chaste Polka,
but Now — Oh, Terpsichore, What
Follies Are Committed in Thy Name!

By ROGER BOUTET de MONVEL

will you believe it! at sixty-six years, I, I who am telling you this, went to the ball,—I mean the ball which precedes the wedding ceremony. And—herein is the blow—if I tell you that the balls of the year of grace 1914 are the most unexpected, the most unheard of, the most surprising things in the world, I swear that, no matter how improbable it seems, you must believe me.

Perhaps you think that people are still dancing the quadrille, the lancers, the mazurka. Not at all, my dear, not at all. Why, they hardly dance the waltz any more, and when they do, it is such a waltz—a succession of slides, pirouettes, and somersaults which, for my part, I could not understand. Thank Heaven, in our part of the world, at least since the Holy Father has interfered, they have definitely proscribed that ridiculous species of jig known as the "tango"; but alas, they have quickly replaced it by steps no less extravagant. They are called "trot du dindon," "trot du renard," "danse de l'ours," and I don't know what else, all dressed up with English, Spanish, and Portuguese names, you may be sure. As to describing to you what they are, these rigadoons, I might as well give it up on the spot.

But what most astonished, not to say astounded me, were the strange manners of the dancers themselves. You remember the time when, on making our débuts, our mothers allowed us the polka and forbade us the waltz? The polka was a chaste dance for young girls; the waltz, already a bit diluted, was the sole right of married women. Good gracious, what would my grand-nieces say if by chance one saw fit to forbid them the "pas du renard" or the turkey-trot! You remember, also, my dear, the ceremonial necessary to the introduction and choice of a partner? Our mothers were not the sort of women to be satisfied with any one who came along. They saw to it that they themselves met the newcomers. Having pled in advance the cause of her protégé, an eminently respectable lady would bring him up in great pomp. Said protégé bowed very low and "solicited the honour of a polka." Then, granting his request, one executed a discreet little curtsy and took his arm. One danced the correct number of turns, holding him at a proper distance, in the most edifying of silences. At the end of that number, one executed another



And they do say that some women—women one knows, too,—do not hesitate to appear in the company of escorts whose profession is that of dancing before anomalous audiences



One hears strange tales from one's over-modern grandnephew trained at Oxford,—that the hostess must empty her salons, when she gives a ball. Otherwise, the dancers would break the furniture to bits

curtsy, one's partner another bow, and one returned to the chair near which was to be seen one's ever faithful chaperon. That was the way it was done among well-brought up young people.

I must say that young people have changed for the worse: I had great difficulty in finding a trace of good breeding among them. It is by good luck that my nieces know at all with whom they are dancing; one hardly takes the trouble to introduce the men. As to the mothers, aunts, and older cousins, they have fallen into the most shocking discredit. Young men and girls dance together as long as they choose, then walk together hither and yon through the salons, or sit talking in sequestered spots. I can't describe the manner in which gentlemen hold the ladies whom they invite to perform with them one of these jigs à la mode; the effect is so singular that it does not bear description. Formerly, it seems to me, the dance was designed to reveal the graces and talents of the man or woman of the world. There was not only the dance, there was all that went before it and came after it. To dance the quadrille, one had to know how to walk and walk well, to incline gallantly, to show proof at once of ease and of dignity. Of course, it wasn't the minuet, but it was like a last vestige of it.

Nowadays, there is neither form nor shadow of ceremony. The dance is a diversion—a sportive diversion, they call it—and tends toward violent exercise. They told me that the men wouldn't budge from the doors, obstinately standing there with their hands in their pockets, staring at the ladies from afar. I must say, I did not find it so, for the other evening they all danced like madmen, displaying enough vigour and endurance for a fencing match or a game of handball. I assure you, this little world of society ought to make up its mind to take its dancing in the open air as the villagers do. One could have violins under the trees, a bagpipe, and the like; the pastime would be all the more healthful.

I confided my idea to a grandnephew of mine who has just returned after finishing his studies at Oxford—this fancied need of going to Oxford! However, we won't discuss it. He told me that in England, when one gives a ball, the hostess, as a matter of course, empties her salons of furniture—doesn't leave a stick of furniture against the walls, you understand,—for fear that the guests will tear it to bits; and that generally, in the whirlwind of the dance, one or two couples fall flat, four paws in air—an event of no im-

portance, it appears. And this is the place to which our youth goes for social example.

But I forget myself, in chattering, and my letter will never be finished. Give me news of what is happening to you, my dear, and believe me your faithful and devoted servant,

TREMEUR-SEMBLANÇAY.

The Baroness de Fautrage to the Dowager Marchioness de Semblançay:

Château des Andelys, near Toulouse.

July 22nd, 1914.

I received your letter, my dear, and I thank you for the details you gave me of your existence in Paris. For my part, I cannot understand the unceremonious attitude of the younger generation. Gracious, is it possible that customs have degenerated to such a point that even in the bosom of our old Faubourg they are neglecting the proprieties and respectable traditions?

I confess that I am crestfallen. But without doubt we are wrong, you and I, to be astonished. You tell me that one of your grandnephews, on returning from England, told you of the odd way they dance in that country. Know then that a cousin of mine who is just back from New York—you must admit that he was pos-



Dreadful tales have drifted across the sea from New York. One hears—and on good authority—that there they dance from morning till night, all the days of the week, and, what is more, between courses at meals, with an ardour bordering on frenzy

sessed of a devil to go to New York—has sworn to me that there people dance from morning till night, all the days of the week, and what is more, at meal times, between courses, with an ardour bordering on frenzy. Gracious me, my friend, in what an age we are living; what will our children and grandchildren not invent next.

In closing, I must tell you that my good friend, the Abbé, has just left, very red and very much heated, his newspaper in his hand, after predicting that we shall have war within a week.

I told him he didn't know what he was talking about and that his ideas were those of an old fool.

Good-bye, my dear friend; believe me most affectionately yours,

MORTAGNE FAUTRAGE.



It is thus that the Dowager Marchioness de Semblançay portrays her impression of one of the quieter moments in a modern dance

The Dowager Marchioness de Semblançay to the Baroness de Fautrage:

Paris,

July 27, 1914.

Thank you, my dear, for your little note. Alas, what you tell me of the customs of America are not peculiar to that country. I have heard some beautiful scandal since my last letter. It

appears that even here in Paris, certain women of the world, not content with dancing at home in the manner I have described, go to gambol in public places. I have been told of I don't know what unmentionable restaurants where women, whose families are the kind we know, do not hesitate to appear in the company of escorts whose profession is precisely that of amusing an anomalous audience. They scramble for these men, they shower them with gold, they almost receive them in their salons. In brief, it is a shameful state of affairs; it is anarchy, a total overthrow of good form and convention.

I beg you, dear friend, believe me yours devotedly,

TREMEUR-SEMBLANÇAY.

P. S.—Here, as in the provinces, they talk much of war. But I don't believe a word of it and I beg people not to bother my head with nonsensical stories. Some silly people really seem to enjoy themselves only when they are spreading ridiculous gossip; but you and I, my dear, are far too experienced to take seriously any such foolishness, and your remarks to the Abbé showed sound common sense.



The marchioness commits to paper the horrors of the modern dance for the benefit of her friend, the baroness

The BEAUTIFUL CHELSEA HOME of the LATE SIR HUGH LANE

Where He Gathered Round Him Pictures and Rare Furnishings of Such Beauty That He Leaves One of the Most Remarkable Art Collections of the World

SIR HUGH LANE in his short life achieved that which usually takes several generations of critical taste to acquire—an amazing and most varied collection of famous pictures with an exquisitely furnished house in which to place them. This house in Cheyne Walk is the only piece of architecture in Chelsea, besides the old church, which shows a continuous history since the time of Sir Thomas More. Here Nell Gwyn once gave a masque, and later Count Zinzendorf, of the Moravian Settlement, lived. When Sir Hugh Lane took it over, he restored the Jacobean panelling and the generous fireplaces,

and with his lovely possessions he transformed the house into a veritable palace of art. As well as his wide knowledge of the many branches and schools of art, Hugh Lane possessed a remarkable "flair" for scenting the whereabouts of treasure in disguise, which was invaluable to him in his short career, devoted to the exciting pursuit and attainment of rare and inaccessible works of art. The fragment of the once extensive park which ran to the water's edge has been re-designed, and with its quiet spaces of grass and its old marbles is now a garden, where all those who walk in it choose to linger.



The windowed corner of Sir Hugh Lane's drawing-room where his writing table stands. He had such a love of beautiful things that his house has become the home of one of the finest modern collections of pictures and furniture in London. Throughout the house there are carefully-placed pieces of Oriental porcelains and bronzes. Here on this table the lamp and the little goddesses are reminders of the East, while the larger, ampler goddess turns her head to look at the swift running Thames which flows past. She is a very early and lovely copy of the Medici Venus.



The dining-room with its circular carpet is a finely panelled room of fine proportions. The table was made by Chippendale himself, with eight chairs fitting round it so ingeniously that it appears to be a single piece of furniture. This unique design was ordered for Queen Charlotte's garden house at Belvedere. The Louis XV. Aubusson carpet is a fine patch of soft colour on the smooth parquet floor. There are several portraits in the room, among them Gainsborough's "Mrs. King," and Hogarth's painting of the "MacKinnon and his Sister."

The bend of the river seen from the windows of Lindsay House is particularly the love of painters, as it faces into the sunset, and towards the evening wonderful lights shimmer over its still water and mud flats. Many artists, chief of whom was Whistler, and who lived close at hand, have painted and etched its quiet lines and slim bridges. Could it have been mere accident that the electric light station was built exactly on the right spot to give it such decorative value?





On entrance, Lady Lay House the visitor is greeted by eight Chinese Immortals of the Ming Period, who are ranged on either side of the black and white marble floor. Against the walls are wonderful many-colored screens of old Chinese lacquer, and at the far end of the hall hangs a large picture of Chinese, on a wall tinted a red just against a cream background. Many other treasure of the East have found a nice home in Sir Hugh Lane's hall. A Mancini portrait of his sister, Mrs. Shine, hangs near the entrance to the Adam morning-room.

In the grey room hangs Paris Bordone's *St. George and the Dragon*. The book-case of walnut with gold mounts was designed for Lord Burlington by William Kent, the architect of the Horse Guards. The somewhat heavy furniture marked the turning-point of the wane of walnut and the rise of mahogany; the ever-present Oriental note may be seen in the fine inlaid box on the writing-table and the figures on the Italian table by the wall.

THE FINE FLOWERS OF
EASTERN AND WESTERN ART
BLOOM! SIDE BY SIDE IN SIR
HUGH LANE'S LONDON HOME





It is rare to find such gems of art gathered quietly together under one home by a modern man, so inaccessible as a rule are the masterpieces of the world. From contemplating Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland the eye is caught by the luminous spaces of Van Goyen's painting of the King of Bohemia's Winter Palace. A little farther on is an early Lawrence—the artist's full-length portrait of Elizabeth Foster, and Goya's fascinating picture of the lady with the earrings can be perceived on the wall of the drawing-room beyond.

The drawing-room is a rather over-filled basket for some of the most exquisite jewels of art in existence. Titian's wonderful portrait of Castiglione, the perfect Chevalier, stands on the easel to the left, and over the settee is a beautiful Rembrandt painting of a woman in a white ruff, and beside her is the amazing "portrait of a young woman" by Goya. Sir Hugh Lane bought this for a fabulous price at a famous sale in Paris not long before the war. Ever since the picture has been widely discussed and immensely admired by art critics.

FROM ITALY, SPAIN, AND
HOLLAND CAME MASTER-
PIECES TO SATISFY
A GREAT CONNOISSEUR

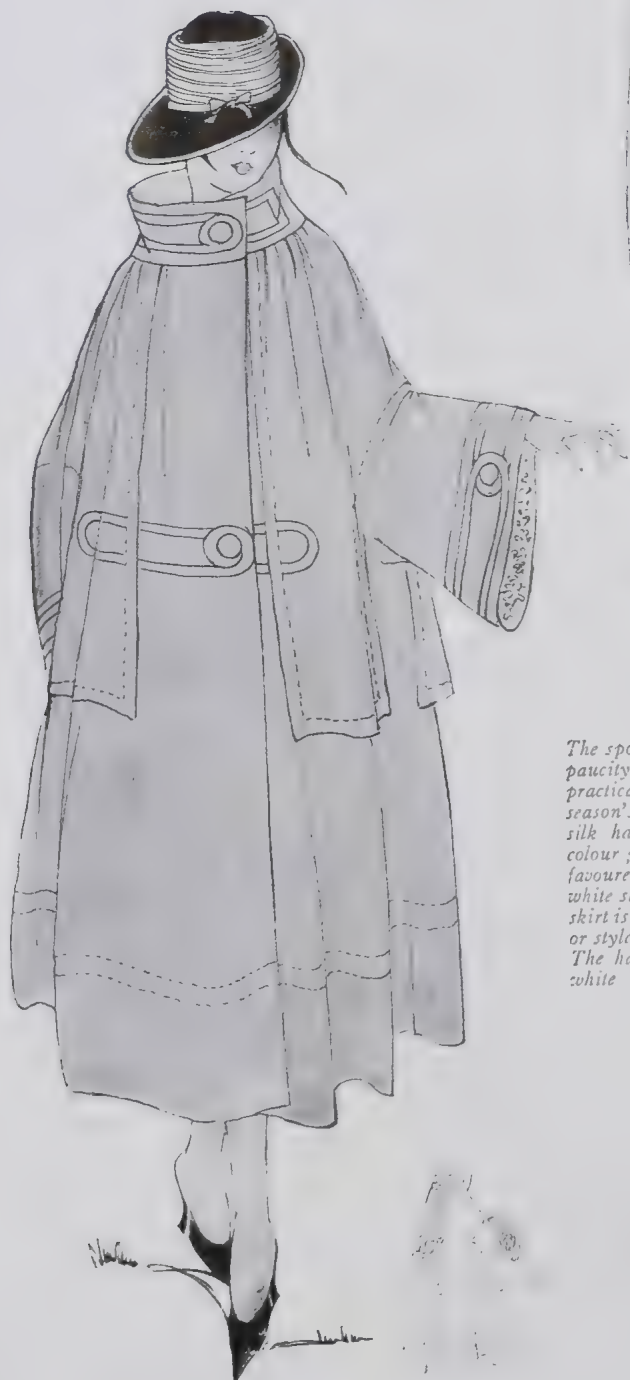
PARIS DECLARES THE SEPARATE COAT AND ONE-PIECE DRESS THE SMART COSTUME FOR SPRING; BUT LONDON INSISTS THAT NOTHING COULD BE SMARTER THAN THE TAILORED SUIT

(Below) The covert cloth that we had almost forgotten comes to the fore again, here in a motor coat of olive green, lined with brilliant Persian silk. The separate coat, we are informed, is the smartest street costume for spring. Trimming on this model other than stitching, is noticeably absent. The white leghorn hat has a brim wider at the turned-down side than at the back, and faced, like the upper crown, with olive green satin. The only other trimming is a small grosgrain ribbon bow.



SINCE SPORTS SUITS ARE TO BE WORN EVERY HOUR OF THE SUMMER DAY, THEY VOTE TO ACHIEVE VARIETY BY SOMETIMES HAVING THE SKIRT AND COAT OF CONTRASTING COLOURS

(Below) Even if Paris does announce imperially that "separate coats with one-piece dresses will be smarter than suits," the English woman will insist on at least one suit, for she is quite sure she looks even smarter in that than in a long coat. Here, to prove it, is a suit of blue gabardine, long-waisted, fitted above and flaring below its obvious belt, and trimmed with a lacquered braid. A hat of navy blue milan is draped with grey Georgette crêpe and stabbed with navy blue quills.



The sports suit is still very popular in spite of the paucity of sport; together with the evening gown it practically rules the wardrobe. Like many of the season's smartest sports suits, this suit of yo-san silk has a coat and skirt that are contrasted in colour; the coat, with its normal waist-line and the favoured tied belt, is of deep rose colour, lined with white satin and piped with oyster white braid; the skirt is oyster white yo-san. Of no particular period or style, this suit has a boyish naïveté all its own. The hat of rose yo-san is trimmed with rose and white yo-san, which covers the brim, and one button, which is on the crown.



FOUR FAIR WOMEN, WHO
BY MERIT OF THEIR
CHARM AND BEAUTY
NEED NO INTRODUCTION

THEY ARE IMMERSSED IN
THE ALL-ABSORBING QUES-
TION OF HOW BEST TO
SERVE THEIR COUNTRY



The Countess of Lisburne, whose husband is a lieutenant in the Welsh Guards is the daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, Attaché to the Chilian Legation. She married in 1914, and Lord Lisburne, who is the seventh earl and only twenty-four years of age, was recently reported wounded. The title of Viscount, peerage of Ireland, was conferred on John Vaughan, Baron Fethers, of Featherd, co. Tipperary, in 1695; and, since then, the family has shown particular interest in municipal and political affairs

It was Wilmot, the fourth viscount, who was created Earl of Lisburne. A man of really remarkable energy, he was Member for Cardiganshire in 1755, became Lord Lieutenant for the County, a Lord of Trade, and subsequently a Lord of the Admiralty. The present Lady Lisburne, who has one child, took part in the Prisoners of War matinee, recently given at the Haymarket. She is a woman of exceptional beauty and charm; qualities that seem to belong by right to anyone bearing the name of Bittencourt



Three Camera portraits by E. O. Hopp

The Hon. Norah McGarel-Hogg is the daughter of Lady Evelyn Baring by her first marriage with Lord Magheramorne. She has no brother, and on her father's death the barony reverted to her uncle

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier



Lady Frederick Conyngham has risen to the occasion and proved herself a most efficient war-worker at the War Office. Her husband is a lieutenant in the North Irish Horse, and is heir-presumptive to the marquise

The only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey, Lady Muriel Bertie has for some time been nursing in France. She has thrown her whole heart into the work, which she finds very strenuous but full of interest

A BETWEEN SEASONS HAT IS TRULY BETWEEN SEASONS WHEN LEWIS MAKES IT OF DARK SATIN FOR WINTER AND STRAW FOR SPRING



(Above) This is the kind of thing that some of our best turbans are doing this season. They start like all the turbans we have ever known, and then they suddenly flare into a highly unexpected crown. This one begins sedately enough with black straw and then bursts into a tam of black satin, flaring high and wide.



(Below) It does seem, at the first glance, as if wings were sprouting from it; but wings—especially the things that come from Paris—are not always what they seem, and those wing-like points are really of the same black straw as the hat itself. It turns back from the face, which is a way some new hats have, and at the front there is an ornament fashioned of black straw and jet.



(Above) Those Russian hats are so becoming that Lewis sees no earthly reason why they shouldn't continue into the spring. So he shaped this turban into the high Russian point not only in front, but in back. It is all of black straw, so soft and pliable that it is draped around the crown; the ornament is goura.

(Circle above) The hats of spring are all things to all women,—high ones there may be, but low ones there must be, too. This one, of a shape that casts flattering shadows over the face beneath, is of black straw with a band of soft black satin around the crown. The brim is edged with aigrets,—not the aigrets that nature makes, but the work of skilled French fingers.



(Above) This is one of the times that this designer departs from black and shows what he can do with coloured straw when he wants to. It is of green-grey straw bound with the same shade of grosgrain, with a flat black feather bird in back and one in front. It is one of the unwritten laws of spring that a hat of this shape must be worn well over the eyes.

(Right) High turbans like this are going to be every-day occurrences, this spring; the Paris designers say so, and they can always foretell our future. This hat is founded on fine black straw, above which soft black satin is draped in soft and mystic folds like the turbans of the far east. There isn't so much as a shadow of trimming—Lewis always knows when to stop.



THE HEIGHT of the NEW YORK SEASON and FASHION



There is a new, new way of wearing bracelets on the upper arm like this one

SINCE the opening of the season, the débutante has been the most conspicuous figure on the social stage. Every entertainment which has not had as its raison d'être a wounded soldier, has revolved about one or several of these pretty social novices. There have been countless luncheons at Sherry's and an endless succession of dinners and dances at the Ritz, theatre parties without number, and so many private affairs that it has been impossible to keep track of them. Only for that brief period beginning a week before Christmas and ending on New Year's day was the débutante called upon to share her honours, and then not with her elders, but with her "youngsters." During the holiday fortnight, the very young people, ordinarily condemned, according to the most advanced régime, to be neither seen nor heard, emerged from the obscurity of classroom and nursery to take part in a number of hilariously gay parties. Although these parties were held in more or less seclusion, the echoes of juvenile merriment travelled far, and more than one grown-up is known to have strayed from the paths of dignity and to have been discovered surreptitiously blowing balloons and dancing the Paul Jones with as much abandon as the youngest of the young.



Mrs. Walter Rosen's frock buttoned all the way down the centre back

A DANCE FOR THE SUPERLATIVELY YOUNG

Among the most interesting of the children's dances was that held at the Club de Vingt on the evening of December twenty-first. The patronesses of this dance included Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, Mrs. Harry S. Bowen, Mrs. Thomas Chadbourne, Mrs. Fred P. Delafield, Mrs. Arthur W. Francis, Mrs. Bertram Goodhue, Mrs. Louis B. Gawtry, Mrs. J. Prentice Kellogg, Mrs. Garret B. Kip, Mrs. Thomas Lamont, Mrs. J. Rich Steers, Mrs. Andrew V. Stout, Mrs. W. R. K. Taylor, and Mrs. C. A. Van Rensselaer. The dancing began promptly at seven-thirty and lasted until the audaciously late hour of ten, when everybody's automobile with everybody's nurse therein—for nobody was much over eleven—drove up and whisked the guests away to sleep off the effects of this annual dissipation.

The hall of the club, ordinarily the *mise en scène* of so much more sophisticated a play, was a charming sight with groups of gay little figures scattered about it. The black of the boys' somewhat formal clothes provided a pleasing contrast to the soft colourings of the little girls' frocks. Most of these frocks were of chiffon or Georgette crepe in delicate shades of pink or blue with here and there an all white frock or a creamy lace one, by way of diversity. One girl wore a very charming dress of pale blue Georgette crepe. Its only trimming consisted of ruffles of the same material, of which there were nine on the skirt; in its extreme simplicity and delicate loveliness of colour, this frock represents a most appropriate type of party dress for a little girl. The dress shown at the upper left on page 30, although a trifle more elaborate, was charmingly young in effect. The little underdress was of dull blue silk, and the outer slip of white chiffon was embroidered at the points with tiny baskets of pink and blue flowers.

The little girl who wore this frock wore also bronze kid slippers; in fact, bronze kid slippers were worn by most of the small girl dancers.

The Holidays Forced the Débutante to Yield the Stage to Her "Youngers," but There Were Still Dances and Dinners, and Frocks for Débutantes and Their Mothers



Even children wear subdued colours in sports clothes. These granddaughters of Father Knickerbocker skated at Iceland in dark blue sweaters and skirts of ever darker blue

Others wore black slippers, and a few wore white or pink kid slippers to match the frocks. All the slippers were, of course, low heeled and some of them were tied on with bits of ribbon. The vogue for long gloves has extended even to very youthful circles, and, emulating the example of their mothers, many of the little maidens indulged in the formality of gloves. Most of these were long gloves, but in some instances the children followed the quaint European custom of short sleeves and short gloves. Practically all of the little boys wore gloves. Bobbed locks and long curls seem to be about equally smart in juvenile circles: the latter may be drawn to one side and caught above the ear with a shell pin or even bound about with a band of ribbon to match one's frock, but this seems to be the extent of diversity permitted in coiffures.

In addition to dances, the holidays afforded little folks a roller-skating party at the St. Nicholas Rink and an ice-skating party at Iceland. At the latter were sketched the smart little skating costumes shown in the sketch at

the top of this page, in the middle. These were worn by two little girls of about eight and ten years, who did some remarkably graceful fancy skating. Even little children no longer wear very bright sports costumes. One sees a bit of rose or blue, but most children, like their elders, are now wearing tan and dark blue sweaters and skirts. The little skating costumes illustrated consist of skirts of dark blue serge pleated in clusters and opening down the front. The skirts were left unbuttoned at the bottom, and when the little girls skated, the skirts flared wide, allowing entire freedom for the knees. About the waist were belts of the serge with long tassels that fell below the bottom of the skirt. The little slip-on sweaters which accompanied these skirts were also of dark blue, although a shade or two lighter than the skirt, and the dark blue velours cloth hats were banded about with grey squirrel. A tiny dark-haired girl wore the becoming skating hat pictured at the right of the group in the middle of page 30. It consisted of a black velvet turned-down brim and a top of gold satin embroidered with worsted in dull colourings. About the top was a narrow rim of some dark close fur and five little ermine tails bobbed merrily at the back.

HOLIDAY DANCES

Afternoon dances, in the holidays were devoted to boys and girls under seventeen, and on December thirtieth a dance was given at Sherry's for girls not yet out and for college boys. The patronesses of the latter included Mrs. C. Ledyard Blair, Mrs. John Herndon French, Mrs. W. C. Gulliver, Mrs. J. Amory Haskell, Mrs. Alvin W. Kreech, Mrs. Ham-

ilton Fish Kean, Mrs. Ernest E. Lorillard, Miss Annabella S. Olyphant, Mrs. Samuel Riker, Jr., and Mrs. Edwin C. Weeks. The success of this particular series of dances was due largely to the efforts of Miss Olyphant, under whose personal direction all of them were held. She it was who planned the delightful features which made these dances unlike other dances and to be compared only with Miss Olyphant's holiday dances of previous seasons. For a number of years Miss Olyphant has interested herself in the vacation dances for very little people, which take place at Christmas and Easter time, and it is rumoured that she is planning even more pleasant things for the future.

AND THE DÉBUTANTE GOES ON AND ON

In the meantime, what about the débutante? As a matter of fact, this young person kept right on dancing and dining and wearing her prettiest frocks, oblivious to all else.

Very pretty frocks they were too, and at the lower left on page 30, is sketched one of them which was worn by Miss Loraine Allen, one of the most attractive and popular of the young girls who have been brought out this season. Miss Allen, who is the daughter of Mr. George Marshall Allen, has been the guest of honour at a number of dinners and dances, not only in New York but in Philadelphia and

The smartest thing about this oyster white duzety and seal suit was its miles of stitching—yes, machine stitching, for that is the coming mode



© Underwood and Underwood

Mrs. Oliver Harriman, smart to the last detail of a street costume she wore recently



She wore it at a children's dance, —rose embroidered white chignon over blue silk

lar and the bottom of the flaring coat, but still more modishly trimmed by the many rows of oyster white stitching, which inscribed smart lines on coat and skirt. There is an increasing tendency toward the use of stitching of this kind and also of old fashioned quilting, and this will no doubt be among the smartest trimming for spring suits. Also at Sherry's was worn the smart little short-coated suit (sketched at the left on page 29), which has been predicted by a number of the gowns for southern wear. This suit was of soft grey and black plaid material; the coat buttoned down the front with flat black buttons and was trimmed about collar and cuffs with flying squirrel, the lovely soft tone of which was in perfect harmony with the soft grey of the suit. The black velvet hat which was worn with this suit, was smartly ticked at the right side of the front, and trimmed with a black velvet veil, which flared out boldly at the side.

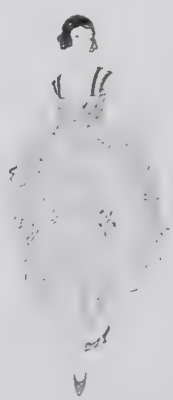
An exceedingly sophisticated debutante were recently a hat which had just successfully completed a perilous journey from Paris. It was black satin, high of crown, and about the edge there was a frill of sheer black lace. It was absolutely without other trimming. The only breaks in the smooth surface of the hat were a few little wrinkles which appeared in the satin about the crown, and this satin was not loose but on the contrary was drawn very close.

A FROCK WITH A NEW LINE

Among the prettiest dance frocks of the season was one worn by Miss Helen Byrne illustrated at the lower right of this page. Like many of the smartest clothes, this frock relies for effect upon simplicity rather than complication of line. It is of white satin caught in at the sides in the new barrel line by bows of wide American beauty velvet ribbon. This velvet appears again under the delicate pearl-trimmed white chignon of the bodice. At one of the pre-holiday entertainments, Miss Byrne, who

dances as well as she skates (and that is very well indeed) danced many of the pearls off this pretty frock.

All reports to the contrary there is little diminution of the craze for dancing. Scarcely a fortnight passes but there must be chronicled the opening of some smart new club formed for this purpose. Among the most interesting of the afternoon dances are those held by Miss Bertha Draper King at the Coterie Club, under the patronage of Mrs. Anthony J. Drew Biddle, Jr., Viscountess J. Henri de Sibour, Mrs. Preston Gibson, Mrs. George J. Gould, and Mrs. Wesley Merritt. These dances are held on Wednesday afternoons and at them one sees



Miss Lorraine Allen proves that the fluffy tulle frock is, happily, still with us

Washington. The gown pictured was of turquoise blue silk embroidered in silver and hung over a petal-alled petticoat of turquoise blue tulle. At the waist and low on the skirt were bunches of pink azaleas. This frock, which took its lines from a recent Callot model, indicates that although straight lines may predominate, the frock which bases its appeal on the delicate fluffiness of tulle is still with us.

At one of the debutante luncheons at Sherry's was seen the interesting suit pictured at the lower right on page 29. It was of oyster white duvelyn trimmed with sealskin about the collar and cuffs with flying squirrel, the lovely soft tone of which was in perfect harmony with the soft grey of the suit. The black velvet hat which was worn with this suit, was smartly ticked at the right side of the front, and trimmed with a black velvet veil, which flared out boldly at the side.



At Sherry's was verified that rumour about suits with short coats

a number of interesting people. Between tangoes and fox trots, tea is served to the dancers, who gather informally about a pleasant open fire in an adjoining room.

ON TO PARADISE

It is a far cry from these exclusive private afternoon dances to the gayer evening dances held at the new "Paradise," under the direction of Miss Margaret Hawkesworth, yet they are all a part of the general fad for this form of amusement. "Paradise," which was designed to amuse Broadway as well as Fifth Avenue, and which does both, opened with a fanfare of trumpets, so to speak, on the evening of December twentieth. Although the elevator was so new that it fell far short of requirements—to be exact about two feet short of requirements—and the dance floor was so fresh that it was sticky beneath the feet of the dancers, and although the panelling of the walls was in many instances a matter of grey lead pencil rather than gay colour as originally designed, and there was a general atmosphere of plaster about the entire place, people came. They came nearly a thousand strong, although there was seating room for only a little over two hundred and fifty, and the limits of hospitality could be stretched only to the point of admitting five hundred. The other five hundred regretfully went. Having come, people stayed—and



Extreme youth at Iceland wore this skating hat of coarsted-embroidered gold satin, black velvet, and fur

At the newly opened "Paradise," Miss Hawkesworth danced in a jewelled skirt of apricot tulle, concealed beneath a gold cloth coat

stayed—and stayed. It is not on record just how long they did stay, but it was a very long time. A great many different kinds and conditions of people were there, but among them was a goodly number of smart New Yorkers. Among those at the little tables were Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer, Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas, and Mrs. E. Roscoe Mathews. Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Mathews were in pink, and Mrs. Havemeyer wore a blue gown and carried a dull red feather fan by way of contrast. At a centre table, Mrs. Anzler B. Duke, in a gown of dull red velvet with a silver girdle, entertained a large party of friends. Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont were also there, Mr. Robert Ogden Bacon, Mr. James Breese, and Mrs. Oliver Harriman; Mrs. Jules Bache wore a graceful black gown, panelled at the back with jet. Her pearls were very handsome and she was exceedingly effective in her dignified costume.

The place had been decorated by Josef Urban and Raphael Kirchner, and the result, although incomplete on the opening night, was exceedingly effective. Above the lattice roof, a luminous night sky seemed to be visible. This effect was obtained by a clever arrangement of lights behind some transparent blue stuff. A good deal of black and dark but brilliant blue was employed in the decoration. In some places large decorative panels had been inset in the walls, and in others tiny medallion-like bits of colour were inset in wide spaces of the plain blue. The black and dark blue were a foil before which the gay crowd appeared at its gayest.

The costumes of the women, however, were so brilliant that one almost lost sight of the decoration. There was much glitter of metal tissue and a profuse use of brilliant velvets. There were also many very beautiful jewels. There has been a marked tendency this winter to wear with gowns absolutely devoid of ornamentation, rich jewels which are all the more conspicuous because of the lack of trimming on the gowns. This tendency was illustrated by a smart woman at Miss Hawkesworth's dance, who wore the frock of deep red velvet pictured at the upper left on page 29. The gown was wholly without trimming, and its only ornamentation was a wonderful pin consisting of a strand of diamonds with a great pear-shaped pearl pendant at either end. On her right arm were two wonderful bracelets of emeralds and diamonds, each set in a separate link of platinum. These bracelets she wore one on the forearm and one on the upper arm, after a fad of recent adoption.

Kitty Gordon in a gown of black and gold brocade; with a wide Spanish comb set aslant in her high coiffure, sat at a little round table close to the wall and surveyed the dancers through her lorgnon. With her was a very beautiful girl in a white gown of Egyptian type. Two very unusual Egyptian gowns were worn at this dance. One was of a soft white velvet brocade, very slim and straight of line and loosely girdled with a band of brilliant green silk, upon which was inscribed a delicate tracery of gold.

Miss Hawkesworth's gown is sketched in the middle of this page, and was an exceedingly striking affair. It was made with a coat of gold cloth deeply bordered with kolinsky at the bottom, and a band of kolinsky crossed one shoulder. This coat was slashed front and back, and when the wearer danced, her tulle underdress flared out. Later in the evening, she removed the gold coat and one had an opportunity to see in detail this underdress. It was of apricot tulle with very full gores inset all around, and where the gores came together, it was strung with many coloured jewels which flashed as she danced. Underneath this slip were numberless petticoats in shades of cerise, coral, and gold. The slippers were of apricot satin, and in the close coiffure were posed two tall wisps of paradise feather in burnt orange.

SUNDAY NIGHTS

The series of "Sunday nights" which are being held by the French-American Association for Musical Art under the patronage of the Ministère des Beaux-Arts have been very successful. A number of celebrated artists are making their first American appearance at these evenings. Among those who entertained a short time ago were Marquis de Polignac, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn, Mrs. Lawrence Butler, Miss Marie De Barril, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Breese, Mr. and Mrs. James Byrne, and Mrs. C. B. Alexander.

Miss Marjorie Curtis wore a black net costume trimmed in peacock tone and carried a large peacock blue fan. Mrs. Benjamin Guinness wore an unusual head-dress of golden brown tulle wound about her hair and with this a soft scarf of tulle in the same shade.



Everybody's doing it,—replacing tulle with a scarf of Spanish lace of black or white

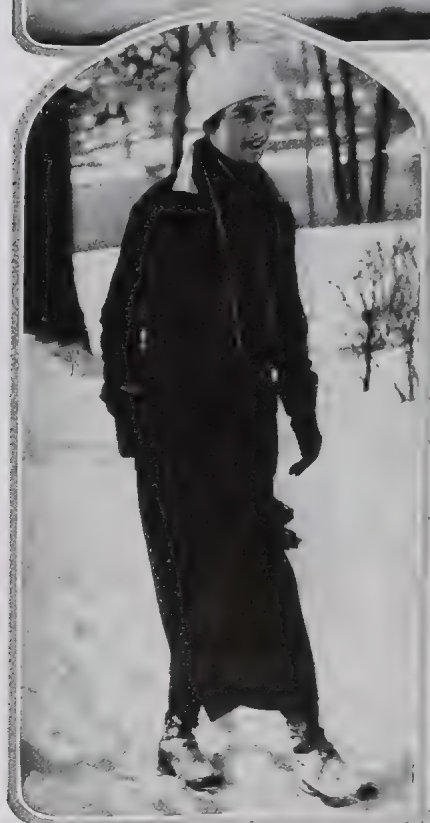


Miss Helen Byrne's frock was caught up in the newly launched barrel silhouette with bows



Father Christmas did his snowing early this year, and gave Tuxedo many cold week-ends; the sports enthusiasts, under the guidance of Mr. Ernest des Bailleys as director of sports, took out their skates, snow-shoes, skis, toboggans, ice-boats, and sleighs, and made Tuxedo Park the rival of St. Moritz, if not in size, at least in diversity of diversions.

TUXEDO GIVES TO THE COLDEST
WEATHER THE WARMEST WELCOME



Miss Katharine D. Porter, daughter of Mr. Hobart Porter, is among the winter sports enthusiasts at Tuxedo



Miss Margaret Dorothy Kane, daughter of Mr. Granville Kane, of New York and Tuxedo, skating at Tuxedo



Five photographs by Puch Photo News, Inc.
Left to right: Mr. David Wagstaff, Mr. John M. L. Rutherford, Mrs. Herbert Pell, Jr., Mrs. John M. L. Rutherford; below: Miss Katharine D. Porter and Mr. Arthur Mason Jones

Above, middle: Mr. David Wagstaff, Mrs. Henry Lansing McFicker, and Mr. Henry Rosseter Bates, members of the Tuxedo Club

Photograph by Hotaling
In the foreground: Mr. John Henry Burr, Mr. Carroll D. Winslow, Mrs. Dorothy Wickes, and Dr. George Draper; a short distance away are Mr. and Mrs. David Wagstaff

THE ADVANCE GUARD of PARIS HATS

At Any Cost, Hats Must Be Decorative,
No Matter What Shape Their Decorativeness
May Take or of What Materials It May Be



LEWIS

Some new turbans have a way of starting quietly, and then branching out just when one thinks they are all over. This is one of dahlia red satin and dahlia red crêpe and wings

ON the same winds of spring that herald the spring fashions, hats whirl by like flocks of summer birds. All the shapes of spring are astir, fluttering for a moment and then disappearing on a stiff westward breeze, bound for the States. For where do most good hats go now but to America?

The migrating flocks rise from their nests, as it were, and soar for a brief moment supported by their own wings. Then, caught in a resistless upper current they are borne swiftly westward and we see them no more; but even a glimpse is sufficient to give one an idea of spring head-gear.

One of the newest hats is trimmed with grass. The shape itself, created by Lucie Hamar, who always creates the right thing, is a *cloche*. It is large and square-crowned, and the brim droops only slightly. Corbeau blue satin covers the top of the hat, and the under side of the brim is of bronze straw, a rusty shade, warm enough to cast a becoming glow over the face. The blue satin crown is garlanded with plummy grass of green-bronze and rusty tints, delicate and effective on the dark satin. It is sketched at the lower right, on the next page.

THOUGHTS OF SUMMER

Delightful is the summer hat of *toile de Jouy* created by Mme. Hamar, which is sketched at the lower left on the next page. The white ground is thickly strewn with tiny clusters of dull blue roses and leaves, and the hat is banded and bound all about with blue satin ribbon lined with yellow muslin, which shows a bit on each side of the blue. The brim and the top of the crown are corded. Mme. Hamar trims some of the prettiest of her straw hats with fur. A broad hat of black straw, the brim of which is rolled back flatly on the left side in front, is banded with *mongolie*, a long kinky white fur which lies flat on the brim, like a white fringe. An-

other hat, a small round one, this time, is covered with white serge and studded with small flowers of white soutache.

Very smart is a Maria Guy hat of grège satin, with a soft draped crown knotted low in front. The brim, which is rather wide, is of grège crêpe, fluted and stiffened in some manner of which Maria Guy alone holds the secret. Broad brims, moderately high crowns, and charming roses tucked away here and there on wavering tulle-veiled brims of crin or some thin straw,—these are the hats one sees in the salons of Maria Guy.

A great change has come about in the buying of hats. It is the new idea to choose a hat solely on account of its decorative effect. The hat may be of paper, of cotton, or of tin, but so long as it is decorative, its purpose is achieved. Summer hats of simple green muslin with no trimming save two great embroidered spots of black or of some contrasting colour are most effective with certain summer frocks. Such a hat, for instance, goes well with a garden-party frock of black tulle or mousseline.

Shapes are covered with striking plaid and coloured striped material in the same way. From the brim of a soft sports hat of beige tissue dangle two bright green woollen balls which are



HENRIETTE DUPUY

Highly original things are this hat and girdle of dark blue Georgette crêpe with an applied design of—well, yes, it does look startlingly like confetti, but it really is of tiny disks cut from gay-hued cotton fabric

attached to an encircling band of knitted black yarn, a very gay combination indeed.

EXTERIOR DECORATION

It matters not what the material, the hat must be decorative at any cost—and the cost is something indeed to be reckoned with. There is a garden hat of Turkey red muslin—though no one calls it "Turkey" red nowadays—which owes its smartness, probably, to the fact that it is absolutely untrimmed. With this is worn a gardening apron of the same stuff with huge outstanding pockets. The gardening basket is of black lacquered reeds, and the gardening scissors, of the ordinary variety, have their handles neatly covered with red muslin. Even when one walks in gardens, one must be decorative. Green as summer grass is another gardening apron, with coin-spots of glowing red. Red is the painted basket, and red is the under side of the black



HENRIETTE DUPUY

Once upon a time, some one happened to remark that mystery was the chief charm of woman, and the milliners immediately seized upon the idea. Think of what lies beneath a hat like this—and lies and lies and lies



HENRIETTE DUPUY

One must be decorative while gardening, and it's done in a hat and apron of blue-embroidered red material, like the red part of the French flag. The three models on this page from Dupuy were sketched in Paris



LEWIS

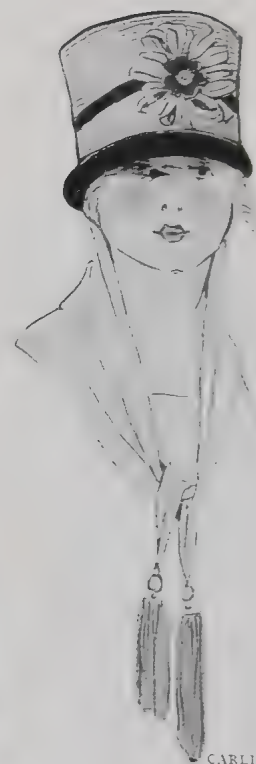
"Backward, turn backward, oh, brims in thy flight," command the designers of some of the smartest spring hats. This one of black satin, with the top of its brim of black straw, is for that period between seasons



JEANNE DUC



MARIA GUY



CARLIER

(Above) One's spring hat must be decorative, no matter what may happen. This one has a brim of dull blue straw and a crown embroidered to look like tapestry, in a veritable riot of bright colours



JEANNE DUC



JEANNE DUC

(Above) No wonder Parisiennes are devoted to sports when sports hats like this are the results of their devotion. The so-called brim is of red cotton cloth, and the crown is of red cotton embroidery. There is a charmingly untrue-to-nature blue rose to trim it



CARLIER

(Above) Yes, indeed, there are small hats—a small is one could possibly desire. One is of rose straw, trimmed with black satin and trimmed with a straw flower with a yellow and black centre

(Above) It's a fortunate woman who is at her best in up-turned brim; she is going to get along well, this spring. So you enjoy it is hat with a blue straw crown and a top of white tulle, embroidered in black and beige cord. A black leather rose trims it



LUCIE HAMAR

(Above) There are all shades and variations of beige, this spring. This time, the straw is a cream and innocuous, not a both beige. The flowers on the sides are of wool embroidery; those on this side are blue, and those we can't see are Bordeaux

straw hat. Black gardening gloves are worn with this apron, and low-heeled, black, buckled shoes. Frocked like this, the lady looks like part of her own garden.

Beach attire shows the same decorative idea. Last season beach bonnets were made of *toile de Jouy*. This year they will also be of plain bright-coloured muslins with other colours added in a decorative way. Beach cloaks of vivid colours will make gay any sombre stretch of sand, and beach bags and umbrellas of picturesque shape will add more colour to an already colourful scene. Yet there was a time within the memory of some of the youngest of us when a simple bathing suit was considered correct beach attire, and when old gloves and last year's hat were good enough for any garden.



LUCIE HAMAR

A pleasant thing that will happen this summer is this hat of *toile de Jouy*, dotted with blue flowers. The blue ribbon is lined with mustard-coloured muslin, and though the crown may be crushed, like truth it will rise

A new variety of hat, large and square of crown, is of a deep blue satin faced with copper-coloured straw. The trimming is of bronze-green grass; the whole piece there is something more under the sun

FROM A GLIMPSE OF REVILLE AND ROSSITER'S EARLIEST
SPRING MODELS IT WOULD SEEM THAT PRECE-
DENCE IS STILL GIVEN TO DARK BLUE GABARDINE



*The charming Spring gown
made of dark blue gabardine,
in the folds of which a lovely
old Jacobean design is em-
broidered in many colored
silks. The line of the seem-
ing bodice, and the skirt
with its occasional groups of
small pleats, is very harmoni-
ous. It reminds of that classic
and simplicity which is
very attractive in past masters
in the art of dress.*

*This is a little something very
different from the usual
fashion of the season, as no one
can wear it without it being
noticed. Does it
show the art in the
design? It is a very
interesting and new
material which becomes in
Russia a very common have-
ing. It is all that is new.
Probably it is a bygone
fashion, but it is de-
finitely marked by having
Russian embroidery.*



*Checked with black, white,
and grey. Chanel jersey
suit hangs in almost
straight line, though the skirt
is killed and flares prettily
with the wearer's movements.
The coat has patch-pocket
and an easy waistband is also
of grey. Smart and trim
as this costume certainly is,
the final note of audacious
smartness is seen in the tall,
close hat. Who but Reville,
utterly assured, would dare
to wind a spool of white
worsted round a green straw
cloche, and thereupon produce
a most captivating and origi-
nal creation?*



*The mere sight of légal straw is a happy reminder that
winter's worst days are over, and its charm is doubled when
it becomes part-author of a very chic variation of the peaked
Russian hat. Beige coloured, and ornamented with em-
broidery, futurist in colour and design, this straw forms the
bulwark of a delightfully fresh spring model. The crown is
of silk, and from its summit floats a filmy veil of beige brown
tulle patterned in brown silk.*

REVILLE'S FERTILE IMAGINATION AND ART OF ADAPTING LOVELY EASTERN MATERIALS TO WESTERN USES IS SEEN IN CHARMING GOWNS WHICH STAND DISTINCT IN FASHION'S NEW DISPENSATION



Reville, who was the first to introduce to London the delicate and charming Paisley shawl, always retains a taste for rare and unusual materials. The present design is a most exquisite patterned Paisley, with blue and green predominating, and most unusual combination of color to our eyes. It is made of a fine material, and is a most charming and unusual design. It is a most charming and unusual design, and is a most charming and unusual design.



Reville is moved by the spirit of Spring, and leaving behind him the too-familiar dull colours of winter, points out to the smart woman that she must reject herself of a cinnamon cloth gown if she wishes to appear particularly charming. The smooth, pure folds of this original model drape themselves into a charming and unusual silhouette; the fullness in the front of the skirt falls from a long slim, paneled bodice silk embroidery



Medieval in its full line and the richness of its texture this interesting coat stands distinct from anything yet seen in early Spring fashions. It is made of grey woollen material, with a grey silk pattern interspersed which catches the light and is most charming in effect. The high Renaissance collar, with its points reaching to the ears, is a fascinating setting for fair features. The fichu-like scarf crosses in front, passing beneath the girdle on either side and most effectively concealing the fastenings of the coat



At the first glance this little walking suit seems simple to the point of vulgarity, but on closer inspection the finished detail of the construction, the work on the coat, and its impeccable cut and proportions, and the drop of the skirt, are seen to be the work of an artist who has reached the stage of concealing all effort in his achievement. The fur collar and cuffs of white ermine and the bow at the neck give a charmingly fresh appearance to a suit which still retains warm tones, and is a most charming and unusual design.



One of the nicest things our suit do for us this spring is to show us where our waist-lines really are. This suit of tan tricot serge definitely marks it. normal waist-line by box pleats leading up to it and a cording going around it. There is a straight skirt—just two yards—and loose over the hips. Cording outlines the hem of coat and skirt, and this inverted hem is the only trimming the suit allows itself, for this is to be a trimmingless season for suits, it has heard. Again we have the muffling collar, here of blue satin, corded with the serge

REJOICING IN A LARGE MUFFLING COLLAR, A STRAIGHT SKIRT, AND THEIR SMART LACK OF TRIMMING, THESE SPRING SUITS OFFER JACKETS IN THREE LENGTHS WHICH LONDON WILL DOUBTLESS PREFER TO THE VERY LONG SUIT COATS SPONSORED BY PARIS

Those muffling collars of the winter mode appear with an inconsistent charm on our spring coats. If the lady should face us, we should see that the skirt of her chartreuse velours suit is very like the peg-top skirt of three winters ago, wider at the hips than anywhere else. And this is the shadow that many of our spring suits cast before them. Embroidery, which runs rampant over gowns and blouses, must simplify itself to a plain stitchery for suits, and if it is not quite the only trimming they know, it is certainly the most fashionable

After the shock of having our skirts narrower and tighter at the hem, we are prepared for almost anything. The very next disturbance is a fairly full skirt hung over an underskirt really narrow around the ankles. This suit of peacock-blue wool diagonal cloth has tiers of the material, which deceitfully resemble tucks, both around the bottom of the skirt and of the coat, and a vest of white linen with a collar too large to be slighted, for folds of self material and vests are two of the few sorts of elaboration allowed our suits this spring

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF MADAME ROSS SEVERAL
SPRING SUITS, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE
WARMER WEATHER, DEMONSTRATE THE
MOST SUITABLE WEAR FOR FUTURE DAYS



The memory of the clever person who first invented the tailored suit will surely pardon him for putting in a line he found the genuine key to every man's life. The suit shown below has evolved from biscuit-coloured tricel, miraculously converted into a multitude of very small box-pleats, which place themselves, at the waist and front of the coat and on the shirt. Rows of stitching are worked in at oblong intervals, and make a spreading, crossing themselves over the coat and shirt. The designer who added the row of small dots along the front of the coat and fastened them with a button, thought at first that he would regret his happy experiment at the back, but changed his mind and finished it the same. But he struck his highest note when he added a thin line over the biscuit one, made it of varied dots, and let it meet its fate with a new and narrower fate.

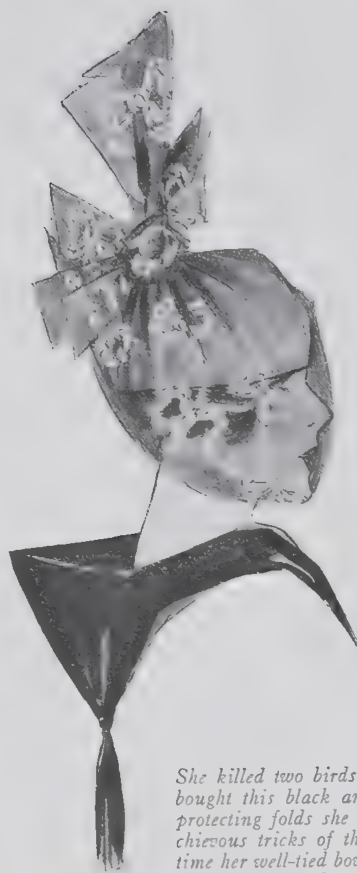


Anxious to put in an harmonious appearance with the first real spring day of the season, this suit decided that it must certainly see to it that it turned out longer and lighter than any of its duller predecessors. So they obligingly made it of oyster-grey gabardine, irrefragable of quality and serene of shade, added a soft turned-down collar which was inset with grey ribbed silk, and a belt that hardly restrained the fullness of the coat. Then a bright-minded person took some heavy silver-coloured silk and did wonderful deeds in the way of cable-stitching down the front of both coat and skirt.

[illegible]



A certain inclination may be the most pointed, most heavily veiled in the most radiant, especially when it gleams through a mesh of black tulle, embroidered in cream, gold and dotted with black and white ferns. In the heart of the flower may be seen little bright red, delicate spots. Thus much of color is quite the sweetest note in veiling.



She killed two birds with one stone when she bought this black and white veil. Under its protecting folds she is immune from the mischievous tricks of the wind, and at the same time her well-tied bow, perched airily on the top of a very simple hat, has turned the latter into a smart piece of headwear for motoring or travelling.



It is the prerogative of veils to enhance their wearer's charm, and at the same time to conceal any tiresome insistent defects which cannot be effaced by powder and cream. The circular veil of black tulle and gold embroidery which falls to the shoulders is most becoming when it is worn floating from a broad-brimmed hat.

VEILS FROM ESTELLE DURAND

WHEN VEILS COME INTO THEIR OWN, BRIGHT EYES GLOW MORE SOFTLY, SMOOTH LOCKS REMAIN UNRUFFLED, AND THE HAT WITH A PAST TAKES A FRESH LEASE OF LIFE AND SMARTNESS. THE VALUE OF THE BROAD-BRIMMED HAT IS PROVED AS A FOUNDATION FOR THESE AIDS TO VANITY

HAT FROM LEWIS



High Russian hats are having a long day if not a very cheery one, and some of them may be beginning to suffer from wear and tear. This is the moment for the smart and kindly circular veil to step in and cover up all delinquencies with its flowery pattern embroidered in gold thread. Worn with its border just clearing the tip of the nose, it will freshen the tired details of any hat possessing a good silhouette.



This maiden is determined that no draught shall touch her, so she has swathed her hat, her hair, and her face in the ample folds of a black tulle veil, the charm of which lies in the graceful fern-like pattern of gold which clusters on the upper part of the veil, spreading itself over the crown and brim of the hat, and leaving the mesh over the face almost clear.

A large black satin hat mounted with a black aigrette finds an indispensable corner in every woman's wardrobe because she knows she may rest assured that whenever she is tired or unequal to the occasion, its wide brim, brimming over with soft expansiveness, will throw charming reflections across her face and mind. That the one on the left more than fulfils these conditions is proved by the expression of the wearer.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK of a BYGONE AGE

TO redeem the monotony of plain surfaces has always been one of the chief aims of the pictorial arts, especially that of the needle, which is the earliest expression of decorative invention. The furnishings of Tudor and Stuart days were stately and embroidered, and cushions and stool covers, provided the necessary notes of colour.

It was in the midst of the Stuart and Jacobean enthusiasm for features covered with the embroidered branches of the slender spreading "tree of life" that the quaint form of needlework panel known as a sampler made its first appearance under the name of Sam cloth. In the sixteenth century, lace patterns were extremely rare and highly prized; therefore all the earliest ones, such as cut works, drawn threads, and retic-

lens were copied upon Sam cloths by those who were not sufficiently rich to buy the pattern books. Thus they obtained at the same moment a design of the face and an opportunity for showing off their dexterity with the needle. At a later date, when lace was not so much made and desired of all kinds were more abundant, and as became more and more the fashion, it began to perpetuate new patterns but rarely to exhibit the proficiency of the worker. In fact, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when girls' education was complete, all she had produced a sampler with her name and age beneath a pattern of shells, flowers, wild animals, or a landscape, and was accompanied by couplets or verses. Sometimes these verses were arranged to contain the primævæ

Continued on page 60



She who is interested in the early samplers will delight in this Jacobean panel, embroidered on satin with crewel stitch, etc. It is crowded with trees, beasts, birds, and flowers.



This is a commodious Georgian work-box shaped like an armchair. It is fitted with mother-of-pearl and other implements, laid out on a faded ground of needlework.



The panel is a fine example of the work of a needlewoman of the eighteenth century. It is a large, ornate piece of needlework, and it is a fine example of the work of a needlewoman of the eighteenth century. It is a large, ornate piece of needlework, and it is a fine example of the work of a needlewoman of the eighteenth century.

Harriet Samson, who lived in the eighteenth century, was a needlewoman of the eighteenth century. She was a needlewoman of the eighteenth century, and she was a fine example of the work of a needlewoman of the eighteenth century.

ARTICLES ON THIS PAGE FROM THE ANTIQUE DEPARTMENT OF MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

The eighteenth century was a time of great change and progress. It was a time when the needlework of the eighteenth century was a fine example of the work of a needlewoman of the eighteenth century.





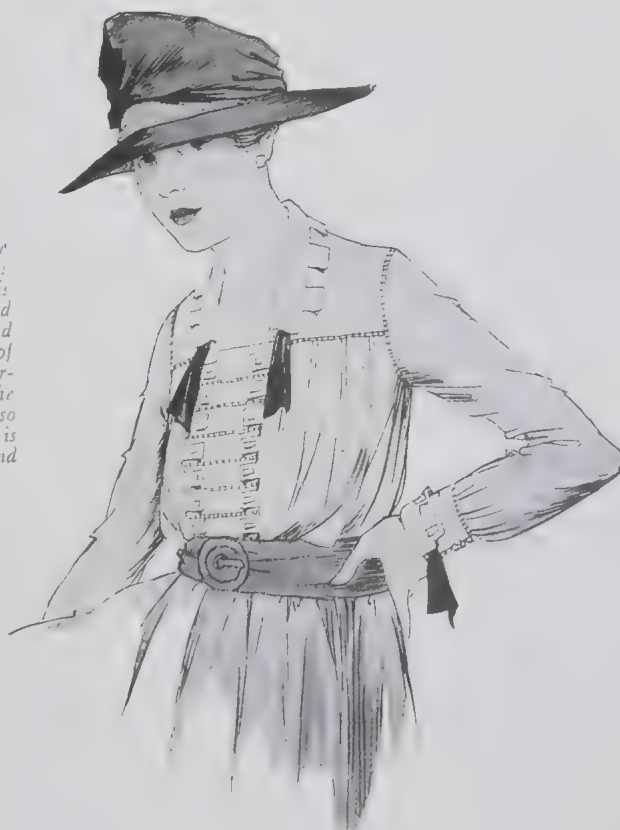
A Russian prince might be proud to wear
a rich-rose Russian coat of
crimson and a golden chain around his
loins. The pale yellow robe of China
with its wide blouses, is a creature
of the modern world, chosen as the
means of self-expression, dress-worn, and



This Lewis hat seems to have partaken of the spirit of war, for it bears a spread eagle in gold, silver, and jade thread. It is of black satin and black straw. The blouse of Delf blue linen has a bue linen belt, knotted as the best belts are knotted; and it is as embroidered as it can be, in white linen thread. Vest, which is very tiny; buttons, which nearly obscure it, and cuffs are of white batiste



Marie Crozet favours a hat which turns abruptly back from the face, slanting to a narrow brim in the back; it is of black and gold brocade; the veil, edged with narrow lace, may be worn over the face or draped around the hat. The blouse is of peach-coloured crêpe de Chine, with peach-coloured embroidered roses



This black satin hat from Lucie Hamar wants to tell us that, in it; opinion, hats are to be large this spring. The crown is high and draped. The blouse has a collar and cuffs cut on the well-known lines of the wall of Troy; this pattern, overlapping the vest, continues down the front, where in each battlement, so to speak, is a pearl button. There is also lattice-work on the blouse, and blue taffeta ribbons

POPULAR THOUGH THE CHEMISE
BLOUSE HAS BEEN THESE MANY
MONTHS IT WILL NOT GIVE WAY
TO THE SHORT BLOUSE THIS SPRING

CHEMISE BLOUSE OR SHORT BLOUSE,
A WAIST SELDOM ESCAPES FROM
ITS DESIGNER THESE DAYS WITH-
OUT A TOUCH OF EMBROIDERY

"LE MONDE QUI S'AMUSE"

IT has been very dull in town ever since Christmas. Perhaps it is the weather, perhaps people's good resolutions. Not that it has been necessary to make resolutions in order to be good. Goodness has been thrust upon us by Act of Parliament and Sir Francis Lloyd; it has been almost impossible to be anything else. The only exciting topic of conversation and conjecture has been that of "the Lady in the Case." The details have been racy reading, if scandalous, and if the other trouble of the same kind that has been brewing should ever come to the surface, the ramifications, it is whispered, will be even more entertaining. Names are carefully withheld, but it is known that the Other Lady, not so long ago, ran a convalescent home which ended suddenly and lamentably. Not even an Armageddon, it appears, can submerge the devious quaint workings of human nature.

MOODS AND MUMMERS

The more virtuous of us, in default of headier amusement, have been obliged to satisfy our after-dinner instincts with Pantomime; and really, after a course of problem plays and devastating Revue, it was quite refreshing and restful to sit and hear our super-comedians working off broad, time-trying wheezes, and revel in the naively redundant charms of Principal Boys. Pantomime is a direct contradiction to Shakespeare's statement about crabbed age and youth not being able to hit it off.

I wonder how the Intellectuals will enjoy their theatre-going minus the settings of Mr. Granville Barker, eclectic High Priest of their cult. The latter is reported to be packing his trunks for the States. The war has somewhat depreciated the public mood for stage-settings. The influence of Bakst and his disciples has disappeared into the blue, and a play to catch on must either be light and ingenious and laughter-making, or strong and straight from the shoulder. Primitive emotions are having their innings after a hectic epidemic of subtlety and "atmosphere." That is to say, in plays of the more conventional order. Revue, that gorgeous cuckoo of the theatre world, seems to have monopolized much of the talent and ingenuity of the specialists in dress, scenery, and sensation. Revue is the epitome of our modern tendency to take everything in tabloid form. All that is tragic, comic, dramatic, fanciful, and bizarre condensed into a two hours performance. Amateurs, too, can still afford to bask in art for art's sake, as, for example, the Prisoners of War matinee at the Haymarket. The Italian masque was a successful and very beautiful pageant. The little coterie of *jeunesse dorée* who organized and performed in it, besides being good to look upon, are clever at such things. And the clothes, needless to say, were of a splendour beyond all words. Charity performances are the only occasions, these days, when extravagant accoutrements excite no hostile criticism, doubtless because they are justified by the box office takings.

There is a war of speculation waging among Those Who Know as to which will be, when finished, Epstein's greatest masterpiece, his statue of Lord Fisher, or the tomb of Oscar Wilde in Paris. It is certainly a wide range of subject and genre, and the Cafe Royal, *salle d'attente* of genius, holds its breath.

FIELD, FUR, AND FEATHER

Added to the present dullness there does not seem much gaiety in prospect for the Spring. Great things are afoot on a wider horizon, things more vital than the eternal squirrel-cage round of pleasure of little old London. In the country the first of the month brings an end to the trials and tribulations of game. For the next few months the wild-winged things can live and love in peace. Man protects them and whistles off his dog. However, the war

Revue, Which is the Epitome of the Modern Tendency to Take Everything in Tabloid Form, is the Amusement of the Moment, Preceded, if One Be Lucky, by a Dinner of Herbs With One's Husband

affects even their simple house-keeping. Like everyone else they will have to partake of a reduced menu of acorns and insects, since a higher will have decreed that pheasant food be transformed into Standard Bread. The shooting season has not been a very good one. Spring rains drowned the young partridges at the hatching-out time, and pheasants have suffered from over-shooting the previous year by enthusiastic sportsmen who forgot that there could be no "laying-down" to make good their depredations. However, there were enough birds to make some sporting days for the guns left in the shooting districts—mostly officers of neighbouring yeomanry, or convalescents from near-by hospitals. One hopes that after the war there will be less frenzied competition for record "bags."

The lure of horse and hound dies harder, though badly handicapped by absence of hunt servants and good horses, who both are doing their bit in a harder field. Lady M.F.H.'s have pluckily carried out the traditions of their absent squires, but the meets round Christmas-time consisted mostly of school children on dashing Shetland ponies, those shaggy little bits of horse-flesh who squirm and crawl and wriggle through every obstacle, and are generally in at the death. Foxes, thriving in their unexpected freedom, have got above themselves, increasing and multiplying, and in the interests of the farmers are often cold-bloodedly killed in covert instead of being given the usual fair field and no favour; which, though for the general good, is, as Jorrocks remarked, "worry awkward for the fox."

It is up-hill work hunting or racing these days, consequently the social element has dropped out, and only the strictly sporting or professional crowd turns up. Since it is not permissible publicly and shamelessly to proceed by train to race meetings, there was, early last month, a festive stream of cars and hiring taxis along the Brighton road to Gatwick. The racing was good if one considered it as a sport and not as a party. Fluff and femininity were conspicuously absent. Luckily the weather was an improvement on the new Grand National held there last spring, when a farmer made a hundred pounds digging cars out of the mud.

BRIGHTON AND ITS BY-WAYS

Later on the sportsmen turned up *en masse* for tea at the Metropole. Brighton is one of the few places that retains something of its pre-war air of festivity and prosperity. At lunch-time on Sunday quite a mighty concourse of big rakish-looking cars roll in with the usual freight of dazzling blondes and their moneyed admirers, the latter generally very young or very old! The longer one stays at Brighton the more one realizes that it is unexplored country for most of its frequenters. True, the well brought-up resident would not dream of walking along the esplanade, but to the tripper Brighton consists only of the pier, the front, the bands, and the foyers of the big hotels. If they only knew it, the chief charm of the place lies in its little back streets with their quaint old shops—shops that deal in everything under the sun—curios, fishing-tackle, second-hand books, etc., etc.—and the little unpretentious cafés with their old-world coffee rooms, where one can obtain the most excellent all-British food for ridiculously small sums. Most delightful of all are the funny little oyster saloons, where helped on by the tonic air, and surrounded by portraits and framed autographs of famous and infamous great people, one can gormandize on super-bivalves. The cult of the oyster in these places is a holy rite, and woe betide the Philistine who profanes the atmosphere with vile tobacco. It is an institution

that dates back to the days when the First Gentleman of Europe said: "Let there be Brighton," and there was Brighton, and the oysters were carried daily in coaches from Whitstable. But, luckily perhaps, the tripper is suspicious of bypaths, so the big hotels are a seething mass of "Second Lieuts" and "Temp. Capts."

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Of the many grumbles now extant the most superfluous seems that of the hotel proprietors. Hotels are more crowded than ever they were before, though perhaps the provincial ones have cause for complaint, since the reduced train service and increased fares are bound to deter a good many pleasure trippers. But everywhere one is most grossly over-charged, especially if one is in civilian company, and the quality of the fare provided is distinctly below par. The caterers have yet to learn that restaurants are no longer peopled with super-knits and postcard pets; that it is now fashionable for husbands and wives to lunch and dine together, and that married love will not pay *à la carte de luxe* prices for a dinner of herbs. One is inclined to agree with the man who inscribed the Scottish proverb: "East, West, home's best" in the house-book of an importunate hostess. As for travelling, it is almost more bother than it is worth. Trains are inconvenient and expensive, and if one elects to go by car, luggage in advance is forbidden, and one is put to the trouble of packing and dispatching one's things a day or two beforehand with the grave doubt of seeing them again in time to wear them.

I wonder what all the war-work people will do when the summer comes on, for the cottage in the country of last year will be as inaccessible as the Poles. Already, the house-agents tell one, there is a great rush for the suburbs. Later on a two-pair-back at Balham or Tooting Bec, adjacent to a bus route, will be as coveted a possession as a maisonette in Mayfair. And there, in the strips of back garden hitherto sacred to lines of family washing and empty tomato tins, one will be able to put one's patriotism into practice, and one's leisure moment rear pigs and poultry and poultry and brussels sprouts. One could do no less with the all-time lead given us by Lord Berkeley who has given over his deer park in Gloucestershire to the plough; and the Bishop of London who has sacrificed his Palace grounds to vegetables.

THE FLEETING HOUR

Among the minor excitements of the month was the conjectured fate of Ciro's. For a fortnight a host of improbable rumours jostled and fought among themselves, till the stop-press column of an evening paper put an end to suspense. To those rather tiresome people to whom an evening's amusement is but an excuse for unlimited libations Ciro's now holds no attractions. Those who can sustain good spirits on barley-water can still beguile the fleeting hour in the old manner, and the crowd there at feeding time is as dense and as gay as ever. Also, it is whispered among the night-birds, that one of the cheeriest of our smaller restaurants is to take on a new lease of life with a club license, so there will be yet another welcome excuse for sitting up after midnight.

The man of the hour, not necessarily fleeting, is, at any rate in feminine eyes, the hero from over-seas. The British army, with its frequent change of habitat and curtailed leave, is rather inaccessible, and the exclusive damsel whose pre-war dreams of conquest began and ended in the Brigade of Guards, now thinks herself lucky if she can boast of, as escort, some bronzed empire-builder. The latter is a most delightful person, of unquenchable *joie de vivre* and a breezy vocabulary that sets one longing for a dictionary. Sooner or later he will have to return to his ranch or his station. Will history record a new Odyssey—an Odyssey of disconsolate girls? What a shaking up of ideals these lean years have seen.



MRS. CYRIL HATCH

Mrs. Hatch was Miss Barbara Ruthersford, daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Her wedding took place very quietly last June at the New York home of her mother, just before Mrs. Vanderbilt sailed for Paris to resume her work for the American Ambulance. After dividing the summer between Long Island and Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch have taken a flat in New York for the winter, and there Mrs. Hatch's own charmingly original designs for her boudoir have been successfully carried out

M A R S, M E D A L S, A N D M A T R O N S

The Last Ditch of Mediævalism
has been carried, and Laurels are
Won by both the Nurse and the
Lady Supervisor in War Time

A TESTING time for a nation, in brain and body, is war. It always was so; it is so to-day more than ever in the world's history. And for this reason modern conditions demand that women—the better-half of any nation—should be called into service, equally with men, in all directions—save the fighting line itself. If we know our modern women, a goodly number of them would even be prepared to form a corps of their own and take their chance in the trenches. They have indeed done everything but that. The days when women's part was to stay at home, eating their hearts out with an anxiety which the best of courage could not disguise, whilst the men were the munition-workers and the warriors, have gone never to return. Edward Dowden tells us that Montaigne had "the tradition of the mediæval mockery of women behind him," and it was as difficult for him to believe in the examples of womanly courage and devotion derived from Plutarch as it still is to accept some of Plutarch's men. Ruskin's ideal of woman's rôle served for the pre-Crimean, wholly Victorian era. It will not serve for the twentieth century. Florence Nightingale was the evangel of the order which has spelt revolution in the ideas not of Britain alone. "Men can be great when occasions call," said Stoddart, in his poem on Florence Nightingale; "in little duties women find their spheres." The world war has shown that women can be great with their men, and find their spheres not in the diminutive but the big.

MERE male persons have had to face unprecedented ordeals, and in their thousands have faced them in a way which would have done credit to the knights of old; it has been necessary for the King to create new marks of distinction—the Military Medal, for instance—so that our heroes should not go unrecognized. But women were not slow to establish a like claim, and the Military Medal granted them "for bravery and devotion under fire" was the tribute paid by the Sovereign, interpreting the view of his people, to the new part assumed by "the gentler sex" in the national economy. More than a million women are engaged in war-work at this moment, and the man who directs the gun in Flanders strafes the Hun with shot and shell prepared in large measure by the hand of woman at home. What war necessities have proved more conclusively than anything else, however, is that there is no need to regard one sex as monopolizing all the directorial talent. Women, notwithstanding the thousands of years during which they have been mere helpmates, have in a variety of occupations evinced a capacity for leadership flatly in contradiction with the pre-conceived verdicts of poets, philosophers, and doctors. They are beginning where men have arrived. Not long since the announcement was made that a new aeroplane factory was to be started in Scotland with a staff of women, and managed not by a man, in accordance with rule-of-thumb practice, but by a woman. The last ditch of Convention has surely been carried, and the open country is before the woman who seeks equality of opportunity without the portals of the home.

ALL that we have said has a direct bearing on a development which can hardly fail to be of far-reaching consequence. The Ministry of Munitions as the direct employer of thousands of women, or as the controller of firms which, in order to carry out war

contracts, had to employ women, soon realized that if the great experiment were to succeed there must be a radical change in methods of supervision. Obviously, even though the final referee be a man, the immediate head of an establishment mainly consisting of women must be a woman. A system of lady supervisors was devised, and this, in defiance of all mediæval male theory, has had the happiest results. The workers, from the very necessities of the time, were a mixed lot: some were women of a type whose vulgarity was either chastened by a fine patriotism or emphasized by a natural desire to secure good money; some were of the middle-class, eager to be of service, and, incidentally, not unwilling to augment possibly straitened means; a few were of a class which would only undertake such work for the sake of a great cause, and were assuredly not in need of any profit it might bring. In supervising such a collection, a priori reasoning would suggest that a male martinet of kindly disposition alone would stand a chance of success. But male martinets, kindly or otherwise, are wanted elsewhere. Carefully selected lady supervisors were appointed, and it is a fact of no mean significance that they have entirely justified the choice made. They have been sympathetic referees where grievances existed, they have promoted the health and comfort of the workers, and they have maintained discipline.

THE Lady Supervisor's responsibility is great; she has to be a compound of firmness, sympathy, tact, and knowledge alike of life and of the laws which must govern any big factory. She must have that quality—rare even among men-managers—ability to appreciate the difference between the machine with brains and the machine with levers: she must understand that the thinking and feeling section of the works is more likely by unwise handling to occasion trouble than the mere mechanical part. Human nature is a malleable mechanism. The Lady Supervisor has accomplished so much because she has not overlooked that simple truth. Her achievement opens up new possibilities for the woman who is blessed with brains and ability to adapt herself to circumstances. No doubt the authorities have by this time fully recognized the importance of the move made when the first Lady Supervisors were appointed, and there should be openings for many more. The success of the experiment in no way surprises us. No more difficult task confronts anyone, man or woman, than the reconciling, harmonizing, or qualifying of the temperaments bidden to a dinner-party or a reception, and the hostess who can make a dozen widely varied characters happy for three or four hours should be a born supervisor. Perhaps a better test still would be her management of the servants, that is if she be so fortunate as to have servants in these revolutionary times. In any case, we should plump for her who supervises the home successfully as likely to secure undreamed-of laurels in the service of State or of Commerce as the Lady Supervisor. Her advent has synchronized with that of the skirt of limited length, but if the drapery be in inverse proportions nowadays to the influence woman has come to exercise on affairs, the familiar toast seems still to hold good symbolically if not literally:

Here's to the three p's—the press, the pulpit, and the petticoat:

The press spreads knowledge,

The pulpit spreads morality,

And the petticoat spreads considerably.

SEEN on the LONDON STAGE



The Stage Society Matinée—A War Play With No Taint of Propaganda—Old Friends With New Frocks at the Ambassadors'

Miss Maire O'Neill, who at the Stage Society took the part of Mary Byrne in "The Tinker's Wedding." She played the drunken old mother with much humour and pathos. She is shortly leaving London for a season at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, where several new plays, including "The Inca of Perusalem," will be produced



Madame Lalla Fanderfeldt, who is the wife of the Belgian Minister, took part in the Stage Society matinée at the Court Theatre on Sunday the 21st of January. She played with much charm the Lady in "Augustus Does His Bit," by the author of "The Inca of Perusalem," and wore a very smart gown and orchid hat of yellow and black

THE Incorporated Stage Society gave the first matinée of its sixteenth season on Sunday the 19th, at the Court Theatre. The programme included the "Tinker's Wedding," and a one-act play by the author of the "Inca of Perusalem."

"Augustus Does His Bit" was, in the first instance, only intended as an amusing little forerunner of the Italian outlet, which was to have been the principal feature of the entertainment. Unfortunately this was unavoidably postponed, and so Augustus coming on late in the programme has had to stand up to a lot of serious criticism, when he should only be looked upon as a light farcial curtain-raiser. Mr. Shaw, with his humorous touch, actually makes his audience laugh at itself (not an easy task), and its national point of view embodied in "Augustus," though one cannot but feel he has let his wit make rather easy game of the much abused Public Person. That there are two sides to every question is a trite saying, but it is well to remember it when witnessing a play by this gentleman, who has such a brilliantly persuasive fashion of presenting his own side, and of making the opposite one appear ludicrous and absurd. Poor Augustus, who stands for National Institutions, the War Office, etc., is metaphorically speaking, flayed alive; every weak spot (and he is full of them) is leapt upon and held up to open ridicule. If Augustus were not such a helpless and unsympathetic person one would be sorry for him; but, after all, he is just as farcical as the red nose and the stammer of the Piffington Town Clerk.

The whole thing is more like a spurt of school-boy high spirits than the work of a man of sixty, and it is indeed a relief to come across a truly unpatriotic person when there is so much cheap patriotism about. The officer is poorly played, but Charles Rock does not miss a single point in the unexpected humour of the tottering old man. Mme. Vandervelde looks charming in a smart gown and veiled hat of black and yellow.

THE TINKER'S WEDDING

The soft brogue of the Irish players and the poetry of their slow diction



Photographs by Arbuthnot

Mabel Russell and Gerald du Maurier are the two moving spirits of "London Pride," the new play by Gladys Unger and Neil Lyons at Wyndhams. The course of their true love has many ups and downs, but reaches a peaceful conclusion in the last act. The admirable versatility of du Maurier is again proved by his happy treatment of the part of the coster Tommy. From start to finish Mabel Russell holds the sympathy of the audience—impetuous, hot-tempered, stanch, bursting with wounded pride, she is a most lovable and attractive person

makes their return to London a delight to the theatre-goer. As a play "The Wedding" is inconclusive, like so much of the Celtic drama. It is an interesting sidelight on the social conditions of the poor in the south of Ireland. Maire O'Neill, as the old drunken mother, gives a most capable, vivid, and withal humorous version of that part, so sly and smooth-tongued in getting what she wants.

"London Pride" is the successful play of the moment. This is an astonishing fact, as it is thoroughly a war-play; from start to finish—the trenches, the hospital, and country-house convalescent home all complete. When people are so heartily tired of the very mention of the war, it is rather curious to find them flocking nightly to steep themselves deliberately for another three hours in war interests; but after sitting through this very telling and touching performance, one has the impression of a play all alive with human interest, which bubbles to the surface in a most vivid fashion—a war-play without the faintest flavour of tract or propaganda, instead, packed with amusing dialogue and poignant situation, it goes to the heart of the weariest onlooker, and yet keeps him laughing most of the evening. There is not one heavy note in the whole play, and the love interest throughout is treated with a delightfully dry, light touch. Sentimentality is kept so well in its place, somewhere right outside the theatre, that the most lynx-eyed critic could only detect it peering through the door at two or three separate moments.

The character of Cherry is delightfully played by Mabel Russell. Cherry, the coster-girl, works in a pickle factory, which she abandons at a word from Cuthbert to go into partnership with him in his vegetable business in August, 1914. No sooner has she done this than the war breaks out, and he enlists and goes away at a few minutes' notice. Cherry is rather overcome by this swift change of affairs, but continues her work pluckily enough, and with the aid of the "moke" goes her way selling her flowers and vegetables. All through her career she holds the sympathy of her audience; impetuous, hot-tempered, staunch, burst-



Photograph by Arbuthnot

ing with easily wounded pride, she is a most lovable person, and her snappy sayings in the fruity vernacular of Silver-side East have a swing and a pithiness which is most entertaining.

The adventures of Cuthbert Tunks, vegetable vendor and soldier, are the pivot of the play; he certainly carries them through with irrepressible cheek and aplomb, but one is left hesitating whether it is Cuthbert upon whose welfare one hangs with such interest, or if the pleasure lies in watching Du Maurier, khaki clad, walk about the stage in that slick, loose-limbed way of his. This admirable actor plays with a fine economy of effort. Every movement and every tone of his voice tells. At one juncture of affairs he illuminates a whole situation with a single sidelong look with his tongue in the corner of his mouth. That look is the one clear indication that he is fooling the hospital world, and never did lose his memory as he so effectively pretends. Du Maurier is always so happy in that essentially British attitude of hiding the most complex feelings under an unmovable exterior, yet conveying to his audience, apparently by doing nothing, all the throes of emotion through which he is passing.

Miss Topleigh Trevor, the soulful Lady Bountiful at her father's convalescent hospital, is an amusing creature, though she stands out more as a foil to the cheery and matter-of-fact spirit of the convalescents than on her own merits. Mrs. Guy Chetwynd is not kind to the type of lady she portrays, and she is unsparing in her fidelity to its weaknesses.

Mr. C. B. Cochran has been making alterations in his delightful revue, "Pell Mell." He may be wise to whisk away some of his most attractive turns before their admirers have a chance of tiring of them; but it is with regret that we part from the "musical comedy business



Photograph by Bertram Park.

This is how Miss Mabel Russell looks when she is not acting as a coxeter. She is now mounting a "squibs" and Cheery Waters that one person is not permanently attached to the other.



Camera portrait by L. O. Hoppé

Alice Delia must have been working hard lately, as she is giving several new turns in the second edition of "Pell Mell" in "Search Me," a short one-act comedy. With the aid of Rube Welch, she shows how an awkward dilemma may be successfully dealt with by a quick-witted woman who knows how to turn her charms to account. Delia and Morton later in the evening sing the Glu-Glu duet from "La Marcoue" with such art that the foolish song becomes a gem of pastoral comedy.

Miss Florence Flewelling C. B. Cochran's entertaining company, which makes life as at the "Pell Mell." She has several new and important parts in the revised version of "Pell Mell."



Photograph by Arbuthnot

Ellie Jefferies has lately been playing Lady Deborah in the "Widow's Might," a play which has for her admirers a great deal to recommend it. She wears her pretty clothes with much grace, and moves through her part with infinite ease and charm.

man." His routine dances, and his adventures with a low-end office boy. In his place is a true one-act play called "Search Me." It shows the dilemma of a quick-witted woman, actress on her arrival at the New York customs, and how she gets out of the dilemma and the customs house, which was very clever of her, considering she had reamed of face since she had been in her person. Delia plays the French actress with her usual wit and charm, and leads in her audience to expect something startling as a denouement, but at the crucial moment she loses her mind, changes her tactics, and becomes by her own clever maneuvering a martyr of outraged innocence.

The new version of the revue finishes with a medley of well-known melodies from "Pell Mell" and "Pell Mell." It is delightful to come across these familiar airs in such an unexpected place as the very latest of the Ambassadors, and many of them are charmingly presented, but one cannot imagine the interest surviving a second or third hearing, except, perhaps, in the case of the Glu-Glu duet from "La Marcoue," which is sung by Morton and Delia, and which, respectively, as "La Marcoue" and "La Marcoue." These two with their finished art make the "Pell Mell" a most palatable comedy.

"The Widow's Might" is one of those plays which hang on a fascinating personality. Possessing this, it passes muster and holds its audience where it would otherwise fall to pieces. This is a facile substitute to make up for lack of skill in stagecraft. In the "Widow's Might" the personality takes shape in Ellie Jefferies. Her technique is so unusual on the English stage, her finish so perfect, and her balance so serene, that one could watch this lady's acting with delight all the evening, were she performing the worst play that had ever been written.

SHE WHO WOULD MASTER THE FINE ART OF WEARING JEWELS MUST LEARN NOT HOW MANY TO WEAR, BUT HOW FEW



(Left) Every woman knows that easy lies the head that wears a crown like this. It is of exquisitely cut diamonds set, of course, in platinum (that's just taken for granted, these days), and the design is a most graceful one of diamond-set wreaths through which runs a row of larger diamonds. A long rope of matched pearls, falling nearly to the knees, is worn with it, as are pearl earrings, and diamond rings—they are all worthy to accompany it.



(Right) There are pious, old-fashioned women who are ready to go to the ends of the earth to see a thing, but Mrs. Darnley, it is without the least apparent effort. Over the flesh-coloured gauze foundation of the Paquin gown is a piece of flesh-coloured chiffon, banded with gold lace and bedded with gold fringe, and over that, a row of small, round, black, shiny bands of kinchalla. The round neck is clasped with hinged platinum to set with a host of little diamonds, a short string of pearls, and pearl earrings. You see, it is not knowing not how many jewels to wear, but how few.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GOWN ARE THE THINGS
TO BE FIRST CONSIDERED WHEN ONE CHOOSES JEWELS

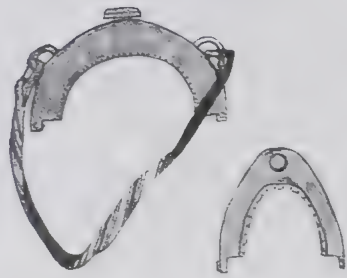
(Right) Somehow, diamonds, unless in a pin or a ring, seem wrong to wear by daylight; but no one could question the wearing of pearls with an afternoon frock. This necklace of small pearls with large pearls at regular intervals, ends in a great grey pearl, mounted with brilliants. The accompaniments are pearl earrings, one white pearl ring and one with a black pearl, and a crystal hat pin, mounted with brilliants surrounded by calibre onyx.



The first of these is the *Journal of the
 Proceedings of the General Assembly of the
 Church of Scotland*, which is published
 annually, and contains the proceedings of the
 General Assembly, the proceedings of the
 Synods, and the proceedings of the
 Presbyteries. The second is the *Journal of the
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 Presbyteries.

THE RECORD BAG OF THE SEASON
BROUGHT TO THIS PAGE TO
PLEASE THE BEHOLDER'S EYE

THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY
DAY, BUT WHAT MATTERS IT WHEN
YOU HAVE YOUR NEW UMBRELLA

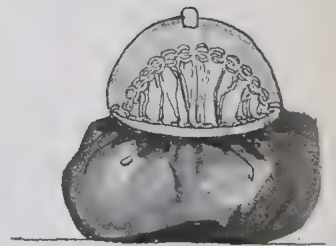


May the best of luck for ever lie across the path of the future owner of this lucky horse-shoe-shaped mount. It is made of rhinoceros horn, and is so strong and durable that it will not show its age after a number of years' hard wear. An exact replica in diminutive shape will one day clasp the hidden treasures of somebody's purse, and prove its utility to be greater than its size.

UMBRELLAS FROM BRIGGS AND SON



BAGS FROM RUSSELL AND ALLEN



When the designer made this silk bag he saw white within and blue without. The green horn mount was studded with a row of gold nails. His task done, he reproduced his handiwork in the shape of a smaller similar bag to act as purse to the large one, and take upon itself the care of the most important things the latter contained, with all the confidence of a younger generation.



The pear-shaped bag is perfect in its design, and a really appreciative owner, and begs to state that it has arranged matter so successfully that it can undertake to accommodate quite a number of indispensable odds and ends within its depth. Anxious, too, to bestow upon its owner something of its own gay liveliness, it has a vivid purple lining, and the cluster of bright, well-worked colours on its front contains more hues than rainbows ever boasted. Red beads bind the thick to purple, green, and cerise, and the handle is a celestial blueness.

Not satisfied with having poked its coloured finger somewhere on all the spring clothes which have passed its way, Paisley silk must now needs try its power, the ends of this black velvet bag. The bag itself is so constructed that loose silver within can conveniently take an amount of exercise without doing it to waste. The bag is round the middle of the bag.



"It never rains but it pours," they warned her when she put on her pretty new hat. But she smiled triumphantly, for she was well armed against the severest shower by the presence of her umbrella with its dog's head. And since all the work which went to its making was the labour of far-seeing minds and clever hands, she knew she was safe against endless showers to come.

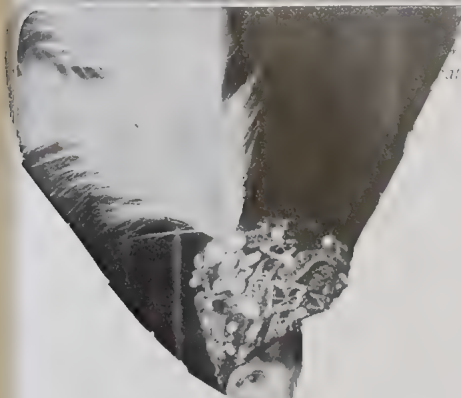


'Tis the lizard's lot in life to bask in the sunshine, and since she knew that the surest way to ensure sunny days is to buy a new umbrella, she chose the lizard as an emblem of her affection for her new spring clothes. He lies full length upon a wooden handle carved out by human hands, and every stitch worked in the blue silk cover has been placed by someone's fingers.



Photograph by Bertram Park

Mr. H. B. Irving in "The Professor's Love Story" is in a dilemma. He is exposed to the calculated charms of the (Miss Archie Alban) on the one hand, and to the (Miss Fay Compton) on the other. A everybody to Sir James Barrie, favours unsophisticated "maitre d'hôtel" in the second act, when with her best friend to a much can be recognized more blouse, and amused. The sports shirt or and, and worn with a rather



Photographs by Reutlinger

THAT CHARMING PARISIENNE, JANE RENOARDT, IS NOW DELIGHTING HER AUDIENCES AT THE VARIÉTÉS WITH "MOUNE." A FRENCH VERSION OF "PLEASE HELP EMILY." CALLOT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHIC DAININESS OF HER EVENING GOWN AND HER SMART BLOUSE, LANVIN MADE HER LITTLE HAT

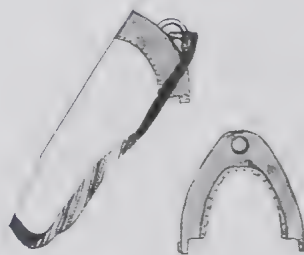


Photograph by

The Parisian stage, which is so exacting in the standard of smartness of its votaries, is well represented by Mlle. Jane Renouardt in the Callot gown she wears in "Moune" at the Variétés. This delightful costume consists of a cream tulle flounces foaming around the hips, and the underdressed and corset and corsage fall over an underdress of gold tissue. The close waist is encircled by narrow gold ribbons running through a rhinestone bus, surmounted by two large red blooms, and tied together at the back. Her shoes are of the palest ribbon silk brocade in metal. The whole gives an atmosphere of Nattier and the seventeenth century, admirably suited to Mlle. Renouardt's finely finished and subtle acting, which is quite in the spirit of the old French tradition.

FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR, WALKS ABROAD, OR DAYS AT HOME THESE MODELS PROVE THEMSELVES INDISPENSABLE TO A SUCCESSFUL SPRING OUTFIT

SCANT TRIMMINGS AND SEVERE SIMPLICITY MAKE FOR SMARTNESS OUT OF DOORS; WITHIN, SOFT ELABORATION OF MANY TISSUES HAS ITS OWN SUCCESSFUL WAY



By the best of luck for ever lie across the path of the future owner of this lucky horseshoe-shaped mount. It is made of rhinoceros horn, and is so strong and durable that it will not show its age after a number of years' hard wear. An exact replica in diminutive shape will one day clasp the hidden treasures of somebody's purse, and prove its utility to be greater than its size



BLOUSE FROM LINSOTT AND DWELLY



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UMBRELLAS FROM BRIGGS AND SON

AND ALLEN



Their appreciation so successful number Anxious liveline of bright

In shape the skirt of this gown is not unlike a youthful spring crocus, while the sleeves hang with somewhat of a jonquil aspect. The skirt and sleeves are of black charmeuse, and the bodice divided its opinion between black ninon and black lace. But the happiest inspiration was the blue satin belt, embroidered with gold and silver, from which fell three showers of little blue balls

GOWNS FROM THELMA

Demureness expresses itself in every line of her pretty face, and in every line of the pretty blouse shown above, but she need not try to keep herself in the background, for a well-cut blouse always puts in a good appearance at the front. This one is made of billowing white tulle, across which four rows of black rope-stitch narrowly escape collision. The black chiffon collar is overlapped by a smaller white one



Lightfully loose and easy to put on, this little blouse possesses much grace of line. It is made oforgette over golden lining, and a new and interesting feature is the deep roll-over collar of muslin which stands up cosily round the neck at the dark and diminishes to a rounded point in front. The whole rest inset is blue velours stripes, laid on a gold ground

SUIT FROM ADELE DE PARIS

Stitchery and witchery here make a combined onslaught on the susceptibilities of the passer by. From collar to hem the pensive maiden is all dark blue. Can she be waiting for the long-postponed balmy day, when she may throw aside her furs and go her way, unperturbed in the knowledge that her nose is not red or her finger-tips chilled, and incidentally show off her new suit with its high-waisted belt in front?



Photograph by Bertram Park

Mr. H. B. Irving in "The Professor's Love Story" is really on the horns of a dilemma. He is exposed to the calculated charm of the Dorothea Lady Golden (Miss Archie Alban) on the one hand, and to the sweet simplicity of Lucy White (Miss Fay Compton) on the other. As everybody knows, for once, a leading Sir James Barrie, favours unsophisticated youth, but we predict that, in the unfield scene, a more modern Professor would have found Miss Albion more reliable.



Photograph by Weizner & Buys

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For more information, write "Hansell" to the Editor, c/o The American Library Association, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610. You will receive a free copy of the book, "The Hansell Family," by Mrs. Ida P. Hansell, and a complimentary subscription to the book, "The Hansell Family," by Mrs. Ida P. Hansell, and a complimentary subscription to the book, "The Hansell Family," by Mrs. Ida P. Hansell.

Photograph by Bertram Park



THREE DEVOTEES OF THE SAME ART WHO DIFFER SO
WIDELY IN THEIR TALENT THAT FROM ONE OR OTHER EVEN
THE MOST FASTIDIOUS CANNOT FAIL TO DERIVE PLEASURE

LONDON WAR-HARASSED AND
MUCH TRIED BY THE WEATHER
FINDS RELAXATION WITH THESE
VENDORS OF MIRTH AND FUN

ARTISTS WHO ADD HIGH
SPIRITS AND GAIETY TO A FUND
OF TALENT AND TOGETHER
MAKE IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTIONS



Photograph by Bertram Park

"Buxell" having had its day at the Strand Theatre, Miss Avice Kelham has turned the force of her attraction to the London Pavilion, where she is playing in "Pic-a-dilly." She is delightfully slim and graceful; wears a white frock, charming but indescribable; and, with a gorgeous chorus as background, sings herself right into our hearts.



Photograph by Bertram Park

Miss Marjorie Gordon is another of Mr. Butt's "discoveries." He certainly has a wonderful flair for pretty maidens who have brains as well as beauty for using them, and "making good." Miss Gordon has been understudying most successfully Miss Nellie Taylor in "High Jinks." She is very young, and with her pretty face and manner should before long become well known to London theatre-goers.



Photograph by Arzu

Miss Ruby Millar, after a long stay at the Criterion, stepped across to the Comedy to shine afresh in Revue. There are not many ups-and-downs in "See-Saw," but Miss Millar is certainly one of the "a.c." The play has little to recommend it beyond one attractive scene, in which brightly coloured cushions play the most important part.



Photograph by Bertram Park

Since the pantomime season is holding undiminished sway in Town, Mlle. Yvonne Granville has forsaken the London Opera House to "queen" it in the provinces in "Half-past Eight." She is one of the many French actresses now delighting English audiences.



Fine feathers only look well on fine birds, and this little motif of black plumes should be worn with a background of perfectly dressed hair. The two combined make a charming finish to a smart evening gown.



Paris is rapidly raising the standard of evening coiffures, and a high chignon is always a smarter for being topped by a tall Spanish comb. A new form of this time-honoured ornament is made of black tulle, added with a formal design of brilliants.

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THANKS TO MAISON GEORGES WOMAN NEED NO LONGER
WALK IN FEAR OF A BALD FUTURE. SHE MAY SNAP HER
FINGERS AT SCANTY LOCKS, KNOWING SHE CAN OUTDO
THEIR MALICE WHEN SHE WILLS. THE FITNESS OF COMBS
TO SMARTEN THE COIFFURE OF TO-DAY IS MADE APPARENT



Many Englishwomen are inclined to give too little attention to the way in which they dress their hair. A smooth, becoming coiffure with a well-considered line is an absolute essential to the success of any gown, and however smart the frock, a thoughtless or inharmonious arrangement of the hair may counteract its happy effect. A comb of finely carved tortoise-shell is both useful and ornamental to the present fashionable coiffure.



This new and unusually charming the -pron- pin is made of the palest tortoiseshell, the flyaway wings of a little bird make it a pretty and piquant touch to the smoother swathes and wide waves of the properly arranged modern head. She who makes an art of studying her appearance, and who really cares for fine finish in all her surroundings, cannot but appreciate the delicate detail of this little ornament.

JACOB EPSTEIN'S PORTRAITS *in* SCULPTURE

Reflections Provoked by an Exhibition
of the Work of a Great Sculptor
Now Being Held at the Leicester Galleries

I HAVE been invited to write an article on Mr. Jacob Epstein, whose sculptured portraits are at this moment being exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. But Vogue is so sparkling, the touch of its essayists is so light, that the invitation presents a difficulty. True, the artist whom we are to consider—a great artist, I am convinced—is, according to precedent, inspired by the theme of woman; but Vogue is interested in the very last incarnation, and in the form of that incarnation. The momentary aspect of his sitter seems to make no impression on Mr. Epstein. Whatever dress she wears, to him she is the same; whoever she is, she remains to him the same, the eternal woman. The woman in his art is always a woman with a past that reaches back to the beginning of the world. Mr. Epstein's art is profoundly temperamental, but the temperament is not a light one, the art in which it finds expression moves us rather than charms.

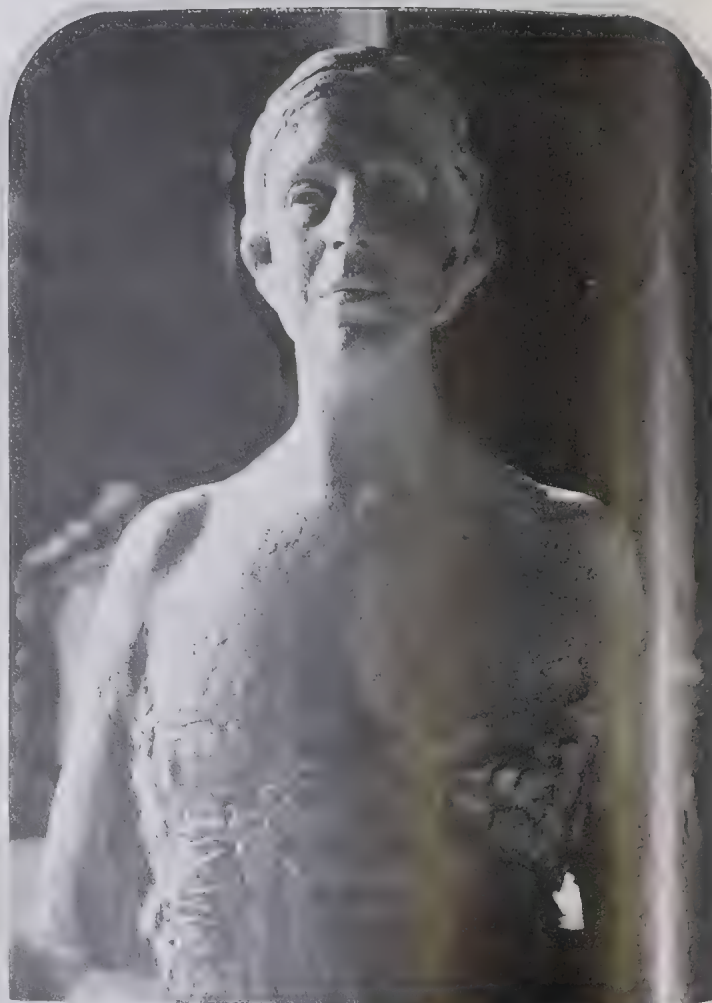
One of the significant things of the present hour, filling us with hope for the near future of the English aristocracy, is that at the same time that it is giving so generously of life for the cause of Europe, it is turning from portraiture of an ephemeral character, as if it were not worthy of an exalted subject, and—for the first time for generations—it is extending its patronage to artists of temperament, subjective in their art, such as Mr. Epstein, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Ambrose McEvoy. This movement is peculiarly modern. It makes us feel that once more, as at the Renaissance, we are at the threshold of a great age. I do not think we can attach too much significance to this selection of imaginative art in the place of the thin objectivism of the too-professional portrait painter. Perhaps it is felt that the latter can with difficulty hold his own against the photographer, but I think it means much more than this. It means that the circumstances of life at the present are such as

to intensify consciousness of the permanent aspects of life, and to destroy enthusiasm for the art that only represents a phase ephemeral.

There are two sides to Mr. Epstein's art. I am going to deal here with one side of it only. By the other I am not impressed. I know the theories which support it, but art that cannot touch us until we have got some jargon off by heart is not on the highest plane. Our failure to appreciate some kinds of art may be due to failure of our vision, but not, if it be great art, to remissness in referring to verbiage in the catalogue. Great art hands us the key to itself if we are such as can hold it.

So Mr. Epstein the sculptor of "The Rock Drill" is not the subject of this article, nor do our illustrations illuminate that part of his career. I should not dream of praising certain fragments by this artist. Primitive symbols when they are not employed by primitive minds reveal a state of self-consciousness that is in art inimical to true creation. Greatness can assume any garb but that of self-consciousness. Where there is self-consciousness—which is not the same thing as full consciousness—do not look for anything important.

It will be seen that I write as if Mr. Epstein, like Balzac, is Genius or nothing at all. Because temperament, some-



The Duchess of Hamilton



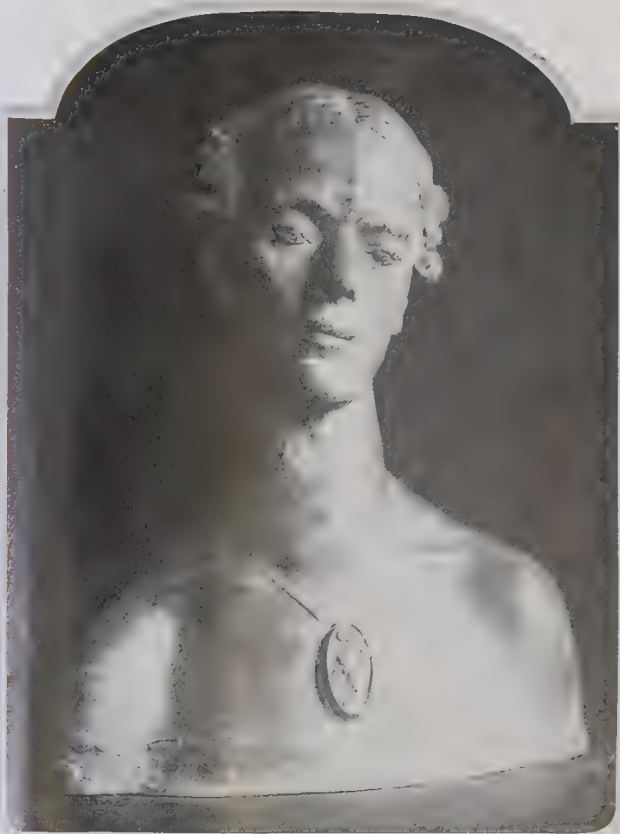
*Lady Howard de Walden's
little daughter Elizabeth*



*Striking study
of a woman's
head*



*A typical
example of Mr.
Epstein's art*

*Mrs. Ambrose McEvoy*

times almost an alternative word for genius, is so apparent in the work illustrated in this article. I regret that it could have been obscured in so many earlier works in which a shibboleth was being expressed. Given temperament, does not matter what an artist represents. The man of temperament moves a world of his own, his sitters come for a moment into that world, and, in addition to any importance they may have in life, they become more important here.

And with the change in Mr. Epstein's work which I am noting there has come a sign of true mastery—refinement of execution. That implies subtlety of observation, such as is only possessed by a lover, a profound lover of the spectacle of life. The word Simplicity, it receives a meaning from modern art, stands for nothing more than a rejection of much that civilization has added to life. Now, it is not in the nature of the true artist to reject certain aspects of life on principle. It is only an aspect of life to which he is temperamentally dead that he cannot take up in his art. Temperament cannot give sons.

This dissertation has been necessary if we may understand Mr. Epstein's present phase. It reveals the freshness of new-found freedom, the delight of breaking from the prison of a school. Certain theorists had cast a spell upon the artist, weaving a circle round him. They should have closed their eyes with holy dread.

We are only moved by a work of sculpture when it arrests in indestructible form that which is transient by its very nature—a gesture, the bearing of a figure, the face in a repose which is the very opposite to that of death. Thoughts have come to the lips and moulded them with a faint smile, secrets have come to the eyes and half-closed them to a dream. The thoughts that belonged to one person, the secrets that will never be disclosed, Life keeps no record of them. It is in Art alone that they are preserved, and above all in the art of sculpture with its contempt for the passing of Time.

Mr. Epstein's art has a mysticism that is communicated to it unconsciously. He does not resort to the device of Rodin, that of cutting his portraits out from a background, a fragment of which is allowed to remain. Yet in the most

dear, but it makes no more sense as a world in the back of the head, and from which the figure seems to have emerged as if from a world of its own. This is the true secret of the representation of personality in sculpture. Mr. Epstein never strives for the effect of a person existing in the objective present-day world. He discerns the woman eternal in her clothes. It is never merely a lady of 1917 whom he represents. N

*Admiral Lord Fisher of Kilburn**Study of a Head in repose**Madame Stuart*

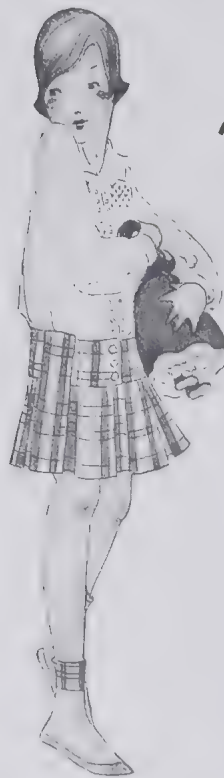
THE YOUNGER GENERATION



(Left) There comes a time in the life of a young man when he is no longer a boy, but not yet a man. In that time, or depending on the time, he wears either white or coloured suits like that big boys wear, and that fastens with pearl buttons.



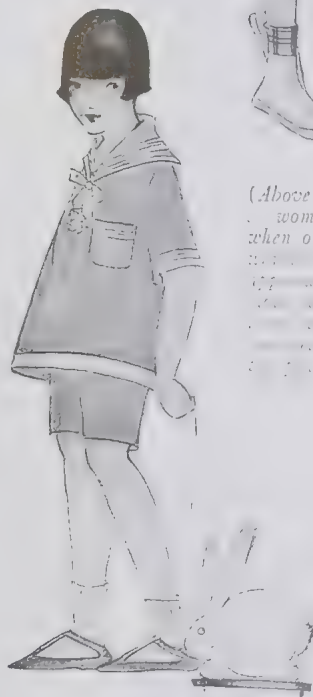
(Above) One of the best ways to skip is in a frock of Delf blue linen, worn over a blouse of white linen. The embroidery is of a deeper blue, and a blue ribbon is drawn through the box pleats of the skirt and tied in a bow at the back.



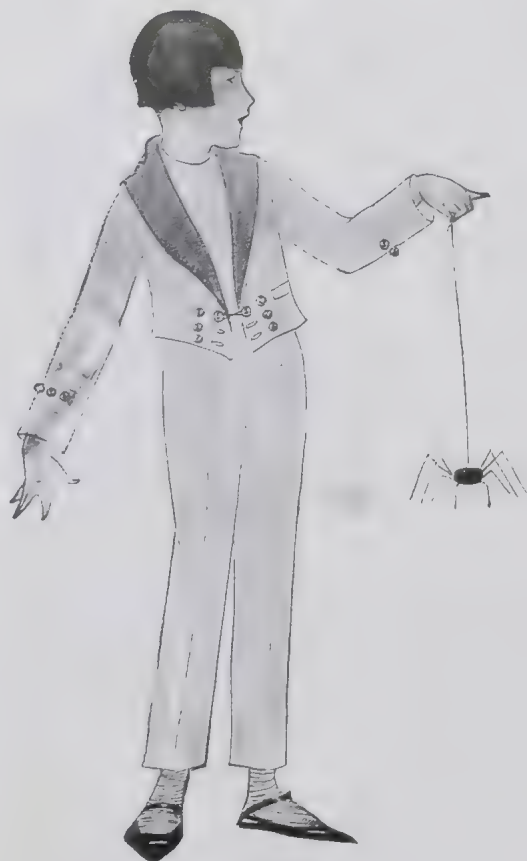
(Above) One is practically a woman of the world when one achieves a frock like this, as all the grown-up women wear. The blouse is of white corded linen, and the skirt is of white plaid linen.



(Above) Many of our best-known young men about town are sponsoring top coats like this one. It is of covert cloth, and it has two deep patch pockets,—a really thoughtful attention. It fastens with brown bone buttons, and it is belted in the back only.



(Above) Really, if one doesn't watch these mothers closely, they will do their utmost to dress one like a little girl. Therefore, one must insist on strictly masculine garments, like this suit of blue linen, banded and piped with white linen. It may be of white linen trimmed with blue, if one wishes, or even all of blue serge.



(Left) Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the birthday party,—and they come in suits of white linen collared with blue linen and fastened with gilt buttons. It may also be had in other colours and heavier materials,—in the ever dependable blue serge, for instance.

(Right) School really isn't half bad, when one owns a school suit of Scotch tweed, made on Norfolk lines. The patch pockets are trimmed with bands of the material, and the belt passes through loops at the sides. The suit may also be had in white linen or in coloured linen for warmer weather.



SMART FASHIONS for LIMITED INCOMES

Sports Clothes and Evening Clothes for the New Season.

With the Slim Silhouette Come Two Friends of the Limited Wardrobe, Crêpe de Chine and the "Tailor-Made"

(Left) When moderate means suggest that one remodel an evening frock of last season instead of making a new one, a model to the purpose may be found in this evening frock specially designed for a woman of moderate figure. The material is a heavy silk crêpe de Chine.

(Right) Even in late winter one may safely purchase such an evening gown as this, assured that the dress will be its own best friend and the fitted bodice and long skirt will be a perfect foundation for a new design in the spring.



STRAIGHT slim lines, skirts six to eight inches from the floor, a natural waist-line, and sleeves either short or long according to time and place, this is the shadow cast before them by the spring fashions. There are rumours of other silhouettes, particularly of one sloping out at the hips and in at the heels; which line will be the most popular and which the most fashionable is yet doubtful.

From early indications, this is to be a fashion season made up of two kinds of clothes—sports clothes and evening clothes. Many of the first tailored suits for own wear are built on sports lines. The well-tailored suit, a revival of the old-time "tailor-made," is very much in evidence in all the early exhibitions. It is held in high favour by the majority of smart women. At the lower right on this page is an excellent example of this popular model.

THE RETURN OF CRÊPE DE CHINE

Crêpe de Chine and a heavy silk crêpe are the materials favoured in many of the early dresses for afternoon and country wear. At the lower left on this page is a model which shows how plain crêpe de Chine and figured or embroidered crêpe de Chine may be combined. The skirt and front part of the blouse may be in oyster white crêpe de Chine, while the coat-like bodice, which is made into the dress, is of oyster white crêpe de Chine with large Delf blue dots. A belt of Delf blue suede with a steel buckle would complete a very dainty yet serviceable frock.

It is quite evident that the Russian blouse has come to stay with us the whole season through; at the early spring open-



ings some of the most striking costumes for both town and country wear were those Russian blouses in wild or delicate shades, in crêpe de Chine, and fine materials, worn with pointed skirts of satin or crêpe de Chine. In the middle of this group is a Russian blouse with a narrow, tight, fitted bodice and a long skirt. This blouse would have a pretty in pale grey plaid. The skirt worn with this blouse matches the blouse and is embroidered up the front and back with silver threads.

FOR SPRING EVENINGS

The costume at the upper right is just the evening dress to purchase at this season. It may still be worn with confidence during the warmer nights which come with the spring. It is of sapphire and silver net over sapphire blue satin, and the bodice is made entirely of sapphire blue satin and green and silver embroidery at the waist is a narrow belt of silver which ties in a knot at the back. Under the simple side draperies, the skirt is straight and medium full. It is embroidered in sapphire sequins and green and silver threads and the bottom and in vine-like lines through the skirt. This gown would also be charming in grey and silver or in all black silk net with jet.

The woman whose wardrobe allowance makes the remodelling of frocks advisable may find a useful design in the model at the upper left of this page. Such a combination as taupe satin, made over some such foundations as taupe chiffon cloth would be excellent for this frock. The simply made bodice is straight and fastens at the back.

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SEEN *i n* *t h e* L O N D O N S H O P S

Economy and Smartness Are Not Incompatible,

A Well-tailored Suit Bridges the Apparent Gulf



Another new Spring model of dark blue gabardine costs 9½ guineas. The collar is of tan cloth, and the suit is edged with the cloth covered with a flat black embroidery. A smart and practical suit for these times

THE tailor-made suit is undoubtedly, even in normal times, the foundation of every woman's wardrobe. In these days when, owing to the necessary limitations imposed by patriotic feeling, most of us spend the entire day in one costume, it assumes paramount importance.

Economy is necessary, is in every way desirable, but adequate clothing every woman must have, and it is highly undesirable both for her own peace of mind and for that of the people surrounding her that she should deliberately decide to look a fright. Clothes have an unquestionable psychological influence on their wearer, and a woman who is not feeling that she looks her best is rarely achieving her best in any work in which she may happen to be engaged.

In England the fundamental importance of the decorative side of life is still lamentably misunderstood. We are living under the shadow of an unfortunate tradition which insisted that virtue and ugliness should go hand in hand. The mere donning, however, of ugly garments does not engender efficiency in work of any description, and the Frenchwoman, who is a notoriously excellent worker at whatever she undertakes, has never gone to such extremes. She buys little in wartime, but what she does buy is carefully considered with a view to obtaining a maximum of charming effect. Those of us who have arrived at the moment where a new costume becomes imperative would do well to buy with the same point of

view, remembering what a dreary place the world becomes without any of the decorative amenities of life, and that surely any addition to the sum total of depression is hardly to be desired.

The suits shown on this page are representative of two excellent types of the new spring models recently arrived from Paris. That on the right is of a light grey gabardine with rows of stitching of the same coloured silk, the Paris house which originated this model having, of course, employed this same device with great success last year. The waistline, it will be noted, is at the waist (no negligible matter in these days), and the sides, slightly longer than the back or front, show what will assuredly be a distinct feature of the next season.

The skirt of this suit is shown separately below, and should particularly appeal to the intelligently well-dressed woman. To be able, when wearing a tailored suit, to remove one's jacket secure in the knowledge of a well-turned skirt and shirt being a boon which the woman who intends a limited expenditure only may not always hope to achieve.

The suit shown to the left is of navy blue gabardine with a light tan cloth collar, and is edged with a band of the tan cloth over which is laid a flat silk braid embroidery. The smart little shirt sketched at the bottom of the page belongs to a type which the well-tailored woman always needs, and is noticeable for just that general excellence of cut which distinguishes such garments from the ordinary ready-made article.



A suit of light grey gabardine stitched with silk of the same colour comes among the first Paris consignment of new spring models. This pleasing and assuredly becoming example costs 7½ guineas



NOTE.—Articles mentioned on this page may be procured on request through the Shopping Service of Vogue. Address: Vogue Shopping Service, Rolls House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

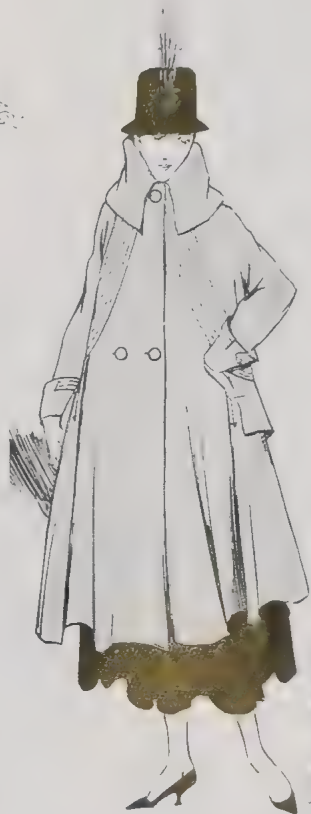
It is a great thing to be able to remove the coat of one's tailor-made, secure in the knowledge of an equally smart appearance underneath. The charming skirt belonging to the suit sketched at the right above, should materially help towards the realization of this desirable state of affairs, as should also the well-cut shirt, priced, £1 1s.

VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

An Unwonted Mode for Spring Will Be the Popularity of the Separate Coat and Dress, a Favour Continued from the Winter Season



Coat No. C3666. At once very becoming and very practical is this method of cutting the coat in only four pieces



Coat No. C3550. Sleeves and collar cut in one with the side and back sections eliminate seams and give a flowing line to the straight skirt.



Coat No. C3631. For convenience, the sleeves are cut in one with the collar and back, the skirt is cut in one with the side and back.



Coat No. C3601. The fullness of the skirt and sides is kept in the pattern, the belt, which runs through a casing.



Coat No. C3561. A satin evening wrap may be trimmed with cut ostrich and gathered to hang on the long straight lines which have come to be required by the modern silhouette



Coat No. 3663. Cutting a satin evening wrap in but two pieces facilitates matters and makes Chinese tassels one of those necessities that every woman welcomes

THE patterns on this and the following pattern pages are in sizes 34 to 40 inches bust measure, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, and 35 to 41 inches hip measure, unless otherwise specified.

Vogue patterns are 2/- for each blouse, costume coat, skirt, child's smock, or lingerie pattern; 4/- for complete costumes, one-piece dresses, separate coats, and long negligees. An illustration and material requirements are given with each pattern. When ordering Vogue patterns by post, order from

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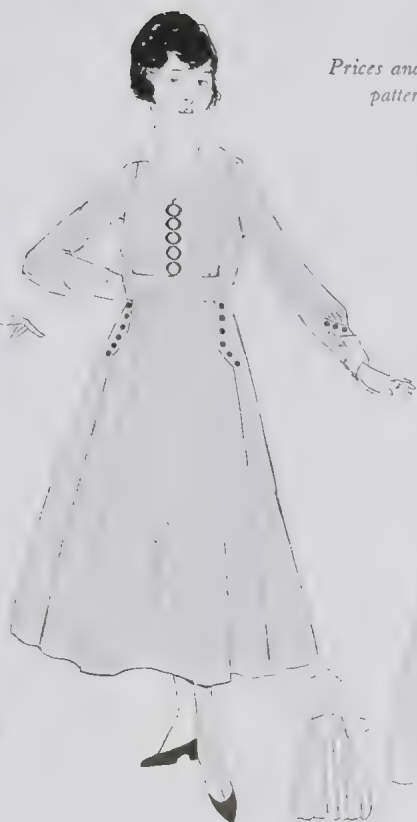
Descriptions of the patterns appearing on pages 60, 61, and 62 will be found on page 72

THESE ARE THE FROCKS, THIS THE LIN-
GERIE THAT THE YOUNGER SET WEARS

Prices and complete descriptions of these
patterns may be found on page 72



Frock No. 73458



Frock No. 73243



Frock No. 73464

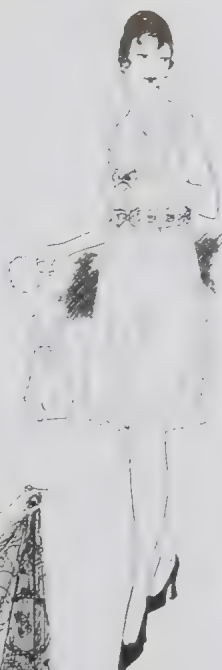


Frock No. 73251

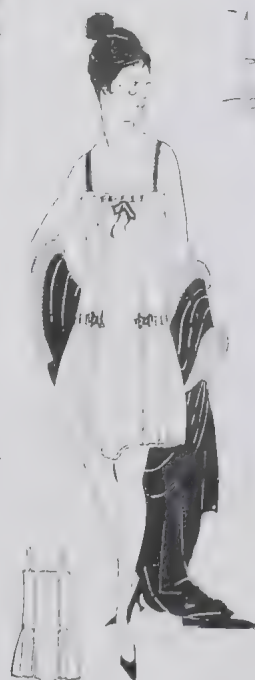
Frock No. 73484



Chemise No. 72800



Combination
No. 73148



Chemise No. 73649



Pyjamas No. 73114



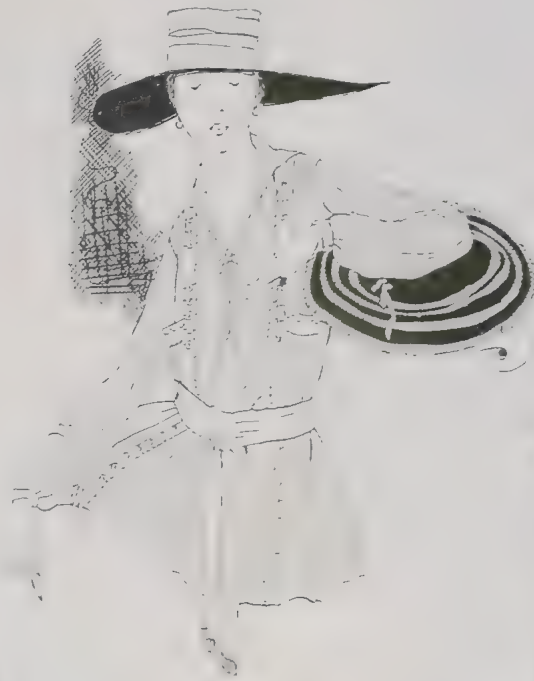
Nightgown No. 73643

BLOUSE AND OVERBLOUSE RESEMBLE EACH OTHER IN THE COMPANY THEY KEEP—THE TUB SATIN SKIRT IS AN EXCELLENT ESCORT FOR MORNING AND SPORTS WEAR

A complete description of these and the following patterns will be found on page 72



Blouse No. B2880. For both northern and southern spring mornings this practical blouse might be of heavy crêpe de Chine



Blouse No. B2885. A wide Russian blouse, trimmed with satin is worn with a satin skirt no match



Blouse No. B2885. A two-piece overblouse might represent a dress, the collar of which is a tribute to the latest fashion



Blouse No. B3022. An underblouse, with long sleeves, supplies the blouse in chemise blouse in patterned material



Blouse No. B3660. The overblouse has patterned trim, such as a wide band of contrasting material



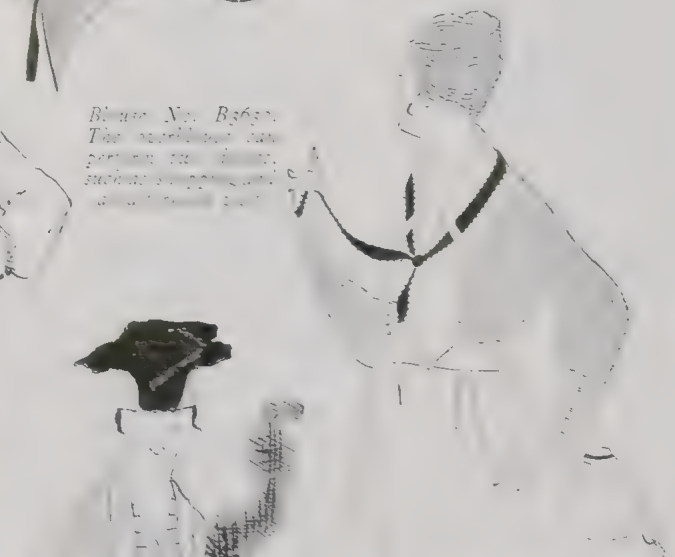
Blouse No. B3450. There is no trimming more favourable to well-dressed daintiness than hand-made tucks, unless it be the three upright rows of insertion on the collar



Blouse No. B3580. A wide Russian blouse, trimmed with satin is worn with a satin skirt no match



Blouse No. B3142. (Right) The one-piece collar, yoke, and shaped armhole make a waist different from other waists; tub satin or pussy willow taffeta might be used



Blouse No. B3780. A broad overblouse of silk jersey with a satin waistcoat and collar; the waistcoat fastens on the shoulder



Blouse No. B3640. (Left) An overblouse of silk jersey is finished with buttons at the sides and cuffs; these overblouses are worn with tailored satin skirts

FROCKS THAT COMBINE FAVOURED
FASHIONS AND FAVOURABLE FABRICS

A JUDICIOUS USE OF SATIN OR
SERGE CAN ACCOMPLISH MUCH

A complete description of these patterns will be found on page 72



Frock No. B3425. A one-piece frock to the last, it even had its narrow belt and side section cut from the piece of goods



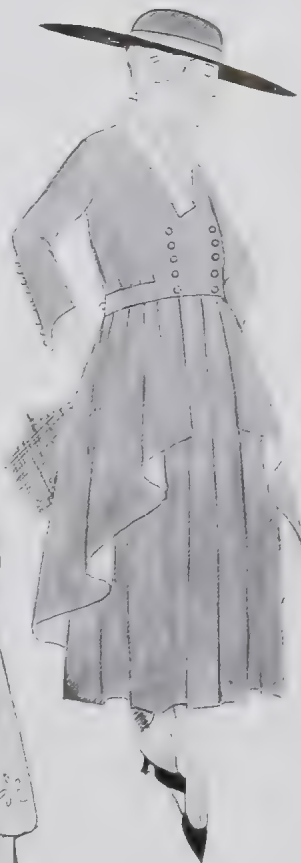
Frock No. B3021. The narrowest neckline and may be used in the expression and elaboration of the wearer chooses



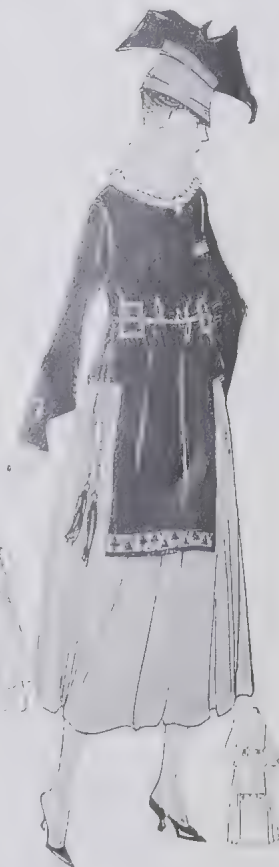
Waist No. B3001; skirt No. B3002. A clever wa eliminating fullness at waist-line was to drop of the skirt in cascade



Waist No. B3605; skirt B3606. A clever wa eliminating fullness at waist-line was to drop of the skirt in cascade



Waist No. B3641; skirt No. B3642. Of a dark chiffon banded with narrow bead-work this dress would be indispensable. The underdress might be satin



Waist No. B3617; skirt No. B3618. It is remarkable how one can change a skirt by applying to it an embroidered overdress



Frock No. B3638. (Right) The front and sash of a one-piece frock may with consistency be made of one and the same piece

Waist No. B3493; skirt No. B3494. A dark serge lined and faced with satin of a contrasting colour would be effective here

Waist No. B3633; skirt No. B3634. (Left) A chiffon overdress and a charmeuse skirt would combine well in this case

J.C.

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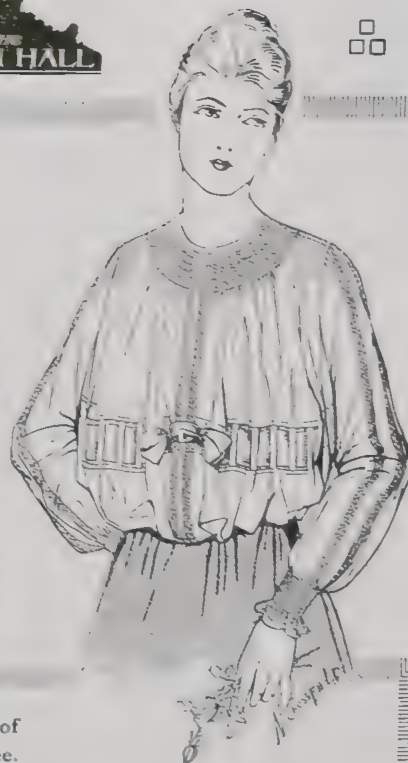
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a Background—Short Stories Which Move
to Pity—Essays Reminiscent of Charles Lamb

MRS. HORACE TREMLETT has by no means shed her sparkling frivolity in her story of giddy Mrs. Goodyer. It effervesces here in the same champagne-like way as it did in her "Curing Christopher," or those other two stories of hers which hold memories for most of us of light-hearted laughter. But, all the same, this latest book has quite a different timbre from any that have gone before. The roguish, impishly demure sallies are still there, and derive an added piquancy from the seriousness of the background. But it is a new thing to find even a background serious with Mrs. Tremlett. True, the War-game which is now being played between the Allies and Hell is the sort of thing that does conduce to gravity. It stirred up even giddy little Mrs. Goodyer to the extent of making her want to nurse wounded soldiers, and to exhibit a devotion to duty in an attractive uniform that would make her look as good as she honestly meant to be. But before doing her bit in this commendable fashion, she wanted to get rid of Ben—Ben was her husband—and to have a little fling in Johannesburg, or Jo'burg, as its citizens call it; that place where they get up so early! Mrs. Goodyer, accordingly walked into a solicitor's office and carelessly ordered a divorce; a harmless, pleasant kind of South African divorce, that should leave no stigma on either herself or Ben. Ben, poor gentleman, was blissfully ignorant of it all, being away on a little business that Mrs. Goodyer playfully called Desertion, but, as a matter of fact, was mine prospecting. Bennett Goodyer was the type of man who makes a good hero and an uncomfortable husband. He had a supercilious, soldierly face, and "the curiously English habit of looking bored when he was not." He also wore a halo of righteousness which Mrs. Goodyer, who was without that possession herself, thought singularly unbecoming. Mrs. Goodyer was delicately and alluringly pretty. She was also chic, sensitive, and silly. But she was rather a dear, nevertheless. The men of Jo'burg thought her all these things, and she had all the fling she wanted. But in the intervals of her infectious giggles we begin to realize that there are serious things afoot, and to watch men, whose blood had risen at the thought of the Mother Country in trouble, throwing down their tools or throwing up their jobs, and making off by the first home-bound boat. We also find that Mrs. Tremlett has something to contribute of her own to the history of the War—something definite and valuable. English people know of the victories of Botha and his friend General Smuts, and could find Windhoek, having laboriously sought for it on the map. But what they do not know is what Botha and his merry men thought about it all, and what Jo'burg thought about them. It is precisely this inside, intimate information that Mrs. Tremlett can, and does, give us in a surprisingly clear and business-like way.

Meanwhile, giddy Mrs. Goodyer's affairs were getting on so nicely that, when Ben returned from mine prospecting and picked up a paper to scan the war cables, his eye "alighted on his own name in capital letters." It was set in a paragraph which was wedged in between an advertisement for vermin-killer and an urgent appeal to all who suffered from fits, and it invited him to TAKE NOTICE. This, as may readily be imagined, he did without any loss of time, only to learn that "—" well that but for his providential perusal of that paper giddy Mrs. Goodyer would have got her divorce without any fuss.

Ben was shocked into realizing that he loved his wife, and man enough to shake and kiss the little thing into the proud knowledge that he would never let her go. ("Giddy Mrs. Goodyer." By Mrs. H. Tremlett. The Bodley Head. 6s.)

CAVE CANEM OR CANINE GHOSTS

Edith Wharton's fine austere delicacy of touch gives distinction to every one of the short stories which make up the present volume, except, by a singular perversity, that one which stands first, and which gives the title to the book. "Xingu" purports to be a humorous story, and though the author in her own subtle way can arouse pity and terror, she cannot make us laugh. We should advise our readers to skip "Xingu" with its almost pathetic attempts to be funny and get on to the remaining stories, which are anything but merry, but which are amazingly well told. "Coming Home" is written more or less in half-tones, but holds an undercurrent of terrific drama, nevertheless. Its hero is a young Frenchman, a cavalry lieutenant. His people lived at Réchamp, a district which has just been overrun by the Huns. He could obtain no word of them, until, by lucky chance, his military duty took him to that very place. On his way to the château he passed through a despoiled land, whose ruin was worse confounded by a touch of wanton and diabolical frightfulness that had been added to the original horror. A certain Graf Benno von Scharlach had been responsible for all this devilry of ruined church and blackened homestead. And it was this same German gentleman who had been quartered at the château where resided his old father and mother, his young sister and his fiancée. He did not expect to find one stone left on another, but when he arrived all was calm and serene, even the eyes of his fiancée, in whose pure depths he could yet read the price she had paid to save all these helpless souls from German savagery. That cruelty is of to-day. "Kerfol" tells of an old-time wickedness. There was once a Baron of that ancient place who married a young wife, and slowly crushed the youth and joyousness out of her, and left her nothing to love but her little dogs, whom he butchered one by one. In the end he was found dead with strange wounds like

(Continued on page 65)



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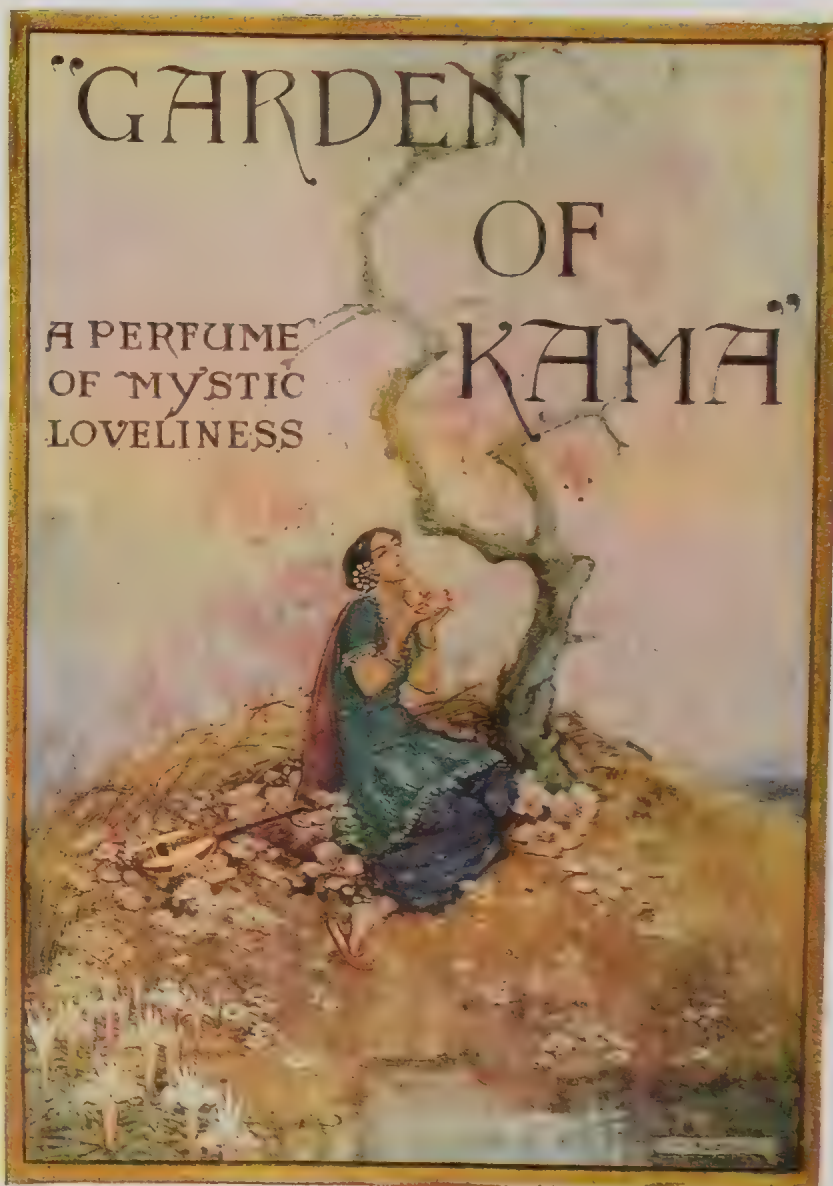
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THE PICTURE REPRODUCED ABOVE IS ONE OF THE CLASSIC PRINTS OF THE IRISH LINEN TRADE.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

(Continued from page 64)

bites on his throat and body, which Anne de Cornault, his wife, declared had been left there by the ghosts of her little dead friends. For which belief they put her in the keep at Kerfol, where many years afterwards she died a harmless mad woman. But one day in the year the little dogs revisit Kerfol, and roam amidst its ruins a silent, eerie band. We make their acquaintance before we know they are only ghosts, and instinctively shudder as we read. "Bunner Sisters," the last and best of the bunch, has no definite tragedy such as these to record. But it is a heart-breaking little fragment, dealing with two very poor, very humble lives. Their was the tragedy of poverty and spinsterhood. Unlike Anne de Cornault's, their life had neither glamour nor romance. But it was almost as unbearably desolate. ("Xingu." By Edith Wharton. Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.)

ESSAYS OF ELIA MINOR

It is the peculiar privilege of the journalist, and occasionally his gift, to write about everything he sees, everything that comes within his knowledge, grave or gay; and if he be given a roving commission, with a column to fill once a week, as was "Alpha of the Plough," then happy is his lot.

If Mr. E. V. Lucas has not already claimed the title of the Modern Elia, we should say that "Alpha" is well in the running for that desirable literary D.S.O., for he can trifle delicately with any subject that occurs to his mind, or even with no subject at all; as when, an idea refusing to detach itself from the crowd in his brain, he scribbles "On Writing an Article." The author is at his best when he muses on "Catching the Train," or "Seeing London," or "The English Spirit," or when he tells us of little incidents that happen in the village whence he journeys for relief from the turmoil of Fleet Street. In fact, his country excursions please us better than his moralizing, which at times becomes a trifle platitudinous. When he writes "In Praise of Walking," although he challenges comparison with great walkers who were great writers, he holds his own excellently; and when he starts chatting on "Pleasant Sounds," bringing in rookeries, church bells in the country, bagpipes in Scotland, and the cheerful racket of the village smithy, we can listen enchanted. For here we find the nature of a true artist, who believes that each sound should have its natural setting. "The bagpipes in a London street is a thing for ribald laughter," he says, "but the bagpipes in a Highland glen is a thing to stir the blood."

There is one little dissertation "On Reading in Bed." For this seductive recreation the work of "Alpha" is admirably suited; not, we hasten to say,

because it will induce sleep, but because it is genial, optimistic, and can be taken in small doses. "Alpha" is no genius; but he is a thoroughly good fellow. ("Pebbles on the Shore." By "Alpha of the Plough." J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 1s. net.)

SAILORS, SUPERSTITIONS, AND SUBMARINES

Safely ensconced in the comfort of our island homes, we grumble about the scarcity of fish and the fabulous price it fetches—when it is obtainable. But do we ever qualify our grievances by conjuring up mind's-eye visions of the fishermen's dire risks? Do we think of the patrol ships which guard the trawler from the new monsters of the deep? Or of the mine sweepers who clear up the "eggs which the Huns ha' laid." This is Mr. J. J. Bell's unuttered but obvious protest; it is the pivot upon which "Little Grey Ships" turns. He does not plead with us in bare unvarnished facts, but prefers to state his case in a series of short stories, interspersed with occasional essay and poem. He appeals to us through the mouths of typical British seamen, who form the lesser links of the Navy's chain, and embody that exquisite humour which many years ago won fame for "Wee Macgregor." He introduces us to Lucky Jack, a young seaman with a fondness for letter-writing, who gives up his remunerative share in a trawler in order to become a mine sweeper, and then does not like to tell his mate what he has done.

Occasionally we are given a touch of the sailor's superstition and his belief in dreams, his sense of danger in the air, and his fear that his intuition may be nothing more nor less than a delusion involving dismissal to land. The grief of old Dawson, the skipper, who landed a mine which destroyed his trawl, and who cried because of the ignobility of the deed, is semi-tragic; more tragic episodes occur off the wild seas of North Britain, when a glimpse of a drifting corpse gives an old fisherman a new tale to tell, which no one will believe, and when an untutored mind finds satisfaction in bitter retaliation. There is a true note in the book which strikes home. If we have never before thought about the patrol men, mine sweepers, and fishermen, we shall think of them now; if we have thought of them, we shall be even more keenly alive to their perils and achievements. As Mr. Bell's own R.N.R. man says, "If the shore people knowed and understood wot the chaps on them mine sweepers was doin', they'd be cheerin' and makin' collections and writin' poetry—and so forth. I 'low it's difficult to think o' all the 'eroes nowadays; they're that many. All the same, I proposes the mine-sweeper lads!" ("Little Grey Ships." By J. J. Bell. John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

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THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVAMODES, ROBES
BLOUSESLINGERIE FINE
ROBES D'ENFANTSHigh Standards
of Taste

IN one of his Essays Thackeray holds up to his gentle ridicule the man who declares that "anything is good enough for me." There is a sort of false humility, an inverted pride, in the statement, as if anyone should boast of preferring a flat dismal landscape instead of sylvan beauties or majestic scenery.

Indeed, at all seasons and in all times, the cultivation of a high standard of taste should be the aim of all, and, not least, of those who have the training of the young committed to their care.

It would seem as if, with the inculcation of the true and the beautiful, the rest follows, and we have the well-trained gentleman instead of the pseudo scientific cad.

So it is the Englishman who, paradoxically it might seem, is the greatest explorer and the greatest home-lover, is not inclined to say of his home that "anything is good enough for me." He likes to have everything in good taste, harmonious and centring the occasion to which each item is used. Hence it is that such an Emporium as Jelks' has arisen and progressed with the times. Hence it is at Jelks' one may see some

£50,000 worth of High Grade Second-Hand Furniture, for the Englishman has no love for shoddy importations, but will always revert to the best.

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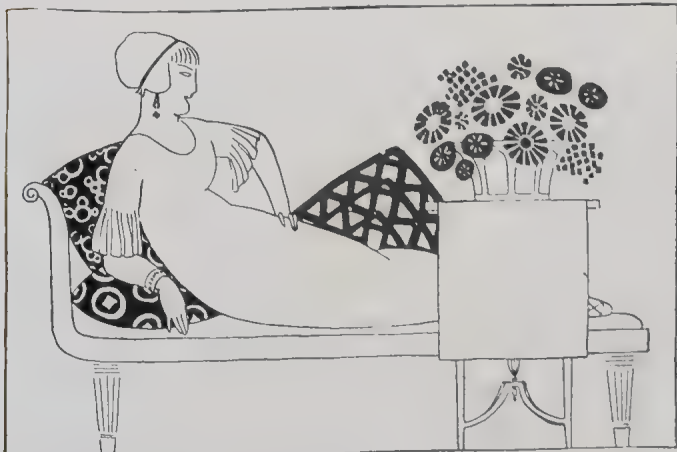
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I want to express to you my great satisfaction with the work you have done with my teeth.
The extractions were absolutely painless, which, to my mind is the first thing. I shall certainly recommend you with the greatest pleasure to all my friends.
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I hereby certify that the Dental Work done for me by Mr. Leopold Blind has proved to my entire satisfaction.
I am therefore pleased to sign my approval of his Dental Service rendered to me.
Prince Alliata di Villafranca.

I hereby certify that the Dental Work which Mr. Leopold Blind has made for me is to my entire satisfaction.
The extractions were painless and the Bridge work of the very best workmanship. I therefore recommend him as a High-Class Dental Operator and Mechanical Worker.
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It is with extreme pleasure that I certify that Mr. Leopold Blind has done some dental work for me. Extraction has been absolutely painless. His work is unsurpassed by any work done for me in all parts of the world. I take great pleasure in recommending Mr. Leopold Blind to any member of the Medical Profession desiring Dental Work.
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In the good old days, the Georgian days when Lady Betty walked abroad with Sir Marmaduke of the yellow waistcoat, she always took with her one of these quaintly shaped bags. Of gay chintz colours, they are made of tiny beads. Smart women are returning in these days to many of the habits and tastes of their grandmothers, and these bags are again much in evidence at most places where the world gathers.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK of a BYGONE AGE

(Continued from page 39)

attitude proper to little girls of that period. One, dated 1750, reads like this:

Elizabeth Hide is my name,
And with my needle I work the same.
That all the world may plainly see
How kind my parents have been to me.

The quaint exotic birds and trees, with the conventionalized borders that are seen on most Georgian samplers, are due to the permeating influence of the East India Company, which, since its earliest days in Queen Elizabeth's reign made itself felt in every branch of English decoration.

The panel on page 39 is a very rare and interesting example of a Stuart panel of about 1635. The legend attached proves this Carolian gentleman with his wife and their small son to be Abraham banishing Hagar and Ishmael to the desert.

Sarah unto Abraham doth complain
That Ishmael no longer should remain
An heir with her son Isaac for to be
Cast out therefore Bondwoman she.

The palace and pavilions in the background are naively typical of when and

Pearl for tear, seed-pearls for smiles, and when seed-pearls thread themselves into a delicate chain bound by a clasp of brilliants they signify real joy. The alternative pendants, shaped like strawberries straight from someone's garden, would bring a sparkle to appreciative eyes.



Occasionally a Gainsborough lady, as pretty as a keepsake, deigns to take her place within the circle of an old French paste pendant, from which she smiles upon her lucky owner.





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Photographs by courtesy of Speall's
Collecting samplers is a delightful indoor sport; the problem is what to do with them after one gets them. A West End shop solves it by making a desk set of them. The candle shades are of samplers, and the candlesticks are painted to match

SOME PASSING FANCIES

MANY variations of Persian novelties, which have recently become so fashionable, are appearing in the smart West End shops, and there is also a vogue for glass articles. One sees sets for the dressing-table, bottles for the bathroom shelves, and all sorts of other articles of clear glass painted with Persian motives in soft reds, blues, and greens. Examples of this charming ware are illustrated at the bottom of page 70. The decoration of the bottle was copied from an antique prayer-rug at Knole, while the Chinese figures on the bowl and the jar were taken from a bit of old Canton wall-paper.

ECHOES OF THE EAST

Other delightful echoes of the east come from a Bond Street shop known for its beautiful rugs. They are old Persian coats in celandine silk covered with a Saracenic design wrought by stitching in the same coloured silk. An Englishwoman, whose eccentric but very effective experiments in decoration are enjoyed by society, plans decorating a room with woodwork and furniture painted in Persian designs and colours with these coats as upholstery. She insists that it will be out of the ordinary and amusing, a veritable bit of Omar Khayyám. A lovely bit of old Persian enamel in the form of a "beggar's bowl" is shown by the same house. It is a watermelon-shaped utensil, painted both inside and out in graceful designs and delicate colours, and it swings from old silver chains. Fitted with a glass lining, filled with red roses, and swung before a window, it is charming beyond words. There are lamp shades

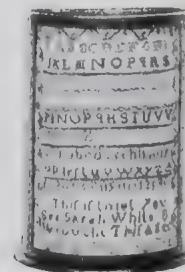
in the eastern spirit, too, a glowing variety of them, with exotic figures and flowers in all the colours of the East. One is photographed on page 70.

SOLVING THE SAMPLER PROBLEM

Another originality of this same designer is a desk set made from samplers. The craze for old samplers has been invariably accompanied by the embarrassment of disposing of them after one acquires them. Here an entire family of these naive needlework documents has been utilized for covering blotting case, stationery box, book ends, waste-basket, even inkstand and candle shades. The danger of ink splashes looms, undeniably, but meantime, the samplers have been put to a diverting purpose. The sampler candlesticks, painted with letters of the alphabet and quaint figures, are distinctly amusing. The set is illustrated at the top of this page. In passing, one must mention the extremely successful application of the sampler cult to interior decoration which Mrs. Archibald Christie achieves in her "sampler bedroom," which was shown at the Arts and Crafts exhibition at the Royal Academy. It is a room designed for a young girl; the walls are cream colour, and on them are hung samplers,—all the most charming sorts and conditions of samplers, framed in natural linen passepartout. They have all been worked by modern little English girls, which proves that the joy of a sampler is not, necessarily, in the date thereof. The curtains are of sheer white muslin with a gay little design embroidered by hand in
(Continued on page 70)



Pillows like this are some of the most amusing members of London society. They are of silk, quaintly tasseled at the corners, and the mottoes are embroidered. The more mottoes, the merrier



See what can be done with samplers, if one really tries to outdo one's neighbours. This is a waste-paper basket



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




To Readers:—If you have a copy of the *Journal* in your home, office, or library, please take the time to read it. It is the only one that has been so long and so consistently successful. It is the only one that has been so long and so consistently successful. It is the only one that has been so long and so consistently successful.

DRESS    

RENOVATION

For a small sum we will remodel your Skirts, Gowns, Costumes, etc., into prevailing modes, and give you a "crisp" and "fashionable" last season's garment as well as before. And we will make alterations and quite price free of all obligation. Numerous Testimonials.

LLOYD, EVANS & CO. (G Dept.)
35 Little Peter Street, Manchester.

England expects every woman to keep fit and strong. A Mustard Bath will help you to renew your lost strength after the day's hard work. It brings renewed vigour to the tired body. Try a Mustard Bath to-night.

Colman's
Mustard Bath

"Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath."

A cartoon character of a mustard tin with a face, arms, and legs, standing with hands on hips. The tin has a label with a picture of a person and some text. The character is wearing a small hat and shoes.

See that Iron-mould Stain?

One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of iron-mould.

TRADE MARK

MOVOL

Regd

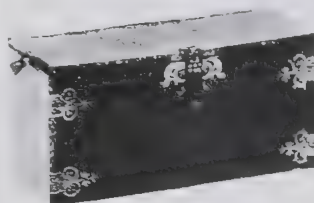
Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

Contains no acids and does not harm the daintiest fabric in any way.

Edges, Bolton, Lancs.



In the "sampler bedroom" exhibited at the Arts and Crafts exhibition, at the Royal Academy, framed samplers like this were hung on the walls.



A chest of the days of Charles II is reproduced in miniature in a black and gold lacquer case to hold sachets



Queen Anne's pincushion is reproduced for Queen Mary's subjects in green and gold lacquer and green velvet

SOME PASSING FANCIES

(Continued from page 68)

white thread. The bed is of black-finished steel, for practicality, with slender flower-painted posts and a low head-board and foot-board of steel fret-work, very simple, but very delicate and light in effect. The drapery and the counterpane and pillows are of the same white embroidered muslin as the curtains. Nothing could be more demurely charming than this little white "sampler room."

We return to the shop mentioned before for more fantasies. Here originated motto cushions like the one illustrated at the bottom of page 68. The cushions are of iridescent silk, and the mottoes are embroidered upon them. Sometimes gleaming bits of Chinese enamel are used to decorate the tassels, and sometimes curious eastern coins adorn them. The more mottoes the merrier. A couch heaped with these epigrammatic pillows might prove rather lacking in repose, but they are entertaining variants on the usual solemn type of cushion.



London's fondness for things Persian is exemplified by the design of this lamp and shade

which is absolutely without conversation. In the same shop may be seen the small Queen Anne pincushion, which is photographed at the upper right of this page. It is an exact reproduction, minus the pin holes, of one which, in its day, belonged to Queen Anne herself. The quaint base is of dark green and gold lacquer, and old Italian velvet of melancholy sage hue covers the top. The box photographed at the left of the pincushion is a replica of a Charles II chest. It holds a lavish supply of the dainty *fleurs de poudre* that a French perfumer launches as his last work in trifles.

An amusing gift for a child appears among all these fancies. It is the "Gertrude set,"—it is named for the baby who inspired it. It consists of a large tub, painted a firecracker red and filled with fine white sand; a firecracker coloured garden basket filled with jolly white stones, and an innocently shiny shovel.



Some of the results of the oriental vogue are articles of clear glass, painted with eastern designs in soft colours. The design of the bottle was taken from an ancient prayer-rug, while those of the bowl and jar were copied from Chinese wall-paper

URODONAL

DISSOLVES AND ELIMINATES URIC ACID



"A COURSE OF URODONAL
WILL CURE ALL YOUR ILLS"

A bottle of URODONAL should be included in every parcel sent to Officers and Men at the Front; it will prevent rheumatic troubles.

Recommended by the Medical Profession in England and Abroad.

GOUT. GRAVEL. OBESITY.
ACIDITY. SCIATICA. MIGRAINE.
NEURALGIA. RHEUMATISM.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.

URODONAL dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar; it cleanses the liver, purifies the blood and tissues, imparts suppleness to the arteries, and prevents obesity by oxidizing fat.

URODONAL stimulates nutrition and modifies the arthritic diathesis. The children of arthritic parents undoubtedly inherit the tendency to rheumatic disorders, and URODONAL alone can counteract this.

Those who regularly take URODONAL avoid rheumatism, migraine, gout, sciatica, stone, obesity, etc., and maintain the youthful condition of their arteries.

It is advisable to take URODONAL regularly, as there is always a tendency to an accumulation in the system of uric acid—that most pernicious of poisons.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **HEPPELLS**, Pharmacists, 164 Piccadilly, London W. Write for explanatory booklets.

GLOBÉOL

Convalescence Overstrain
Anæmia Neurasthenia



"That is how I manage to keep my nerve and avoid accidents. Globéol gives me the necessary strength and powers of resistance."

The IDEAL TONIC

GLOBÉOL is a complete treatment for Anæmia. It imparts strength and vigour to the system, shortens the period of convalescence, and gives a feeling of well-being and perfect health.

Globéol is a splendid tonic in cases of nervous exhaustion, it nourishes and regenerates the nerves, tones up the grey matter of the brain, increases nerve force, and augments the capacity for intellectual work.

Globéol is a safeguard against disease, as it increases the power of resistance of the system.

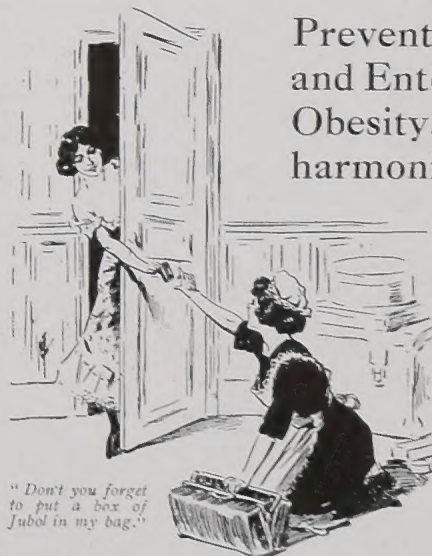
Price 5/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **HEPPELLS**, Pharmacists, 164 Piccadilly, London W. Write for explanatory booklets.

The only rational
Laxative

JUBOL

Prevents Appendicitis
and Enteritis. Prevents
Obesity. Preserves the
harmonious curves of
the Figure.



"Don't you forget to put a box of Jubol in my bag."

"All purgatives," wrote Prof. Arnozan, "cause artificial enteritis, i.e., superficial inflammation of the mucosa, attended by exudation of fluid, just as it occurs in any inflammation of the mucous membrane."

Price 5/- per box.
Complete course
of 6 boxes, 29/6

JUBOL is a rational laxative agent: it effects the re-education of the intestine by means of the fuci, biliary extracts, and active principles of all the intestinal glands of which it is composed, and by means of which it excites the functions of the intestinal glands. JUBOL only acts after a time, and gradually restores to the paretic organ its normal functions.

The complete treatment for the "re-education" of the intestine usually extends over six months. It can be prolonged if necessary without the least inconvenience. It is never contra-indicated, and does not become a habit.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **HEPPELLS**, Pharmacists, 164 Piccadilly, London W. Write for explanatory booklets.

DESCRIPTION OF VOGUE PATTERNS

PATTERNS ON PAGE 60

FROCK NO. 73158.—This one-piece frock may well be of dark velvet with its deep yoke, collar, and cuffs of ivory satin. For the frock in medium size: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for collar, cape, and cuffs; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for waist lining. The skirt is 36 inches long and 4 yards wide at the hem. Sizes, 16 and 18 years; 34 and 40 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-

FROCK NO. 73243.—For the frock in medium size: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for collar and cuffs. Sizes, 16 and 18 years; 34 and 36 inches bust measure. The skirt is 35 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. Price, 4/-

FROCK NO. 73484.—For the frock in medium size: $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The skirt is 34 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. Sizes, 16 and 18 years; 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-

FROCK NO. 73464.—This is a one-piece frock excellent for serge, with washable collar and vest. For the frock in medium size: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for the vest; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for trimming; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for lining. The skirt measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at hem. Sizes, 14, 16, 18 years, 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-

FROCK NO. 73251.—For the frock in medium size: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for collar and cuffs. The skirt is 35 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. Sizes, 16 and 18 years, 34 to 36 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-

COMBINATION NO. 73148.—The combination is cut in one piece with the fold of the width of the material at the lower edge. For the combination in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of beading; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of insertion; $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

PYJAMAS NO. 73114.—Pyjamas seamed at the waist-line and opening across the back under the belt. For the pyjamas in medium size: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ribbon for lower part; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ribbon for sleeves. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

CHEMISE NO. 72800.—A one-piece envelope chemise is cut with the fold on the width of the material at the lower edge. For the chemise in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of beading; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

CHEMISE NO. 73649.—An envelope chemise with back and front panels. For the chemise in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch beading for panels; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch beading; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of narrow ribbon; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of wide ribbon; $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

NIGHTGOWN NO. 73643.—For nightgown in medium size: $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 54-inch material for folds; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

PATTERNS ON PAGE 61

BLOUSE NO. B2880.—A tailored blouse for tub satin or handkerchief linen. For the blouse in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for collar facing and cuffs; 1 dozen buttons. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3235.—A separate blouse for velvet with the sleeves of chiffon or Georgette crepe. For the blouse in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material for three-piece lining; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 44-inch material for plain sleeves or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of accordion-pleated sleeves; 44 buttons. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3639.—Buttons make this long blouse distinctive. For the blouse in medium size: 3 yards of 40-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for girdle, cuffs, and trimming; 32 buttons. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3620.—Brocade and chiffon would be excellent in this combination. For the blouse in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for underwaist; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for overwaist; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 2-inch trimming; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of narrow trimming; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 40-inch material for girdle. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3630.—This blouse of chiffon would give with a skirt the effect of a dress. For the blouse in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of trimming for belt; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of trimming for sleeve bands; $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 4-inch trimming for blouse. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

VOGUE PATTERNS

May be Purchased at

The Pattern Department

Rolls House

Bream's Buildings

Chancery Lane

E.C.

Telephone: Holborn 308

BLOUSE NO. B3450.—A tucked blouse which may be made of handkerchief linen, batiste, or Georgette crepe with the collar of contrasting material. For the blouse in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 45-inch material for collar, frills and small cuffs; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lace insertion; 14 buttons. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3586.—For the blouse in medium size: 3 yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of contrasting material for collar. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3489.—For the blouse in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for vest, collar, cuffs, and girdle; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch lining; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon for tie. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3142.—The collar, yoke, and cuffs might be of tub satin or crepe de Chine, and the blouse and sleeves be of Georgette crepe. For the blouse in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

BLOUSE NO. B3640.—This is the long-waisted blouse so suitable to complete a formal velvet suit. For the blouse in medium size: 3 yards of 40-inch material; 40 buttons. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/-

PATTERNS ON PAGE 62

FROCK NO. B3425.—A frock for serge or satin, trimmed with buttons; the belt is cut in one with the sides of the frock. The skirt is 35 inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the frock in medium size: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for collar facing; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch lining; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 3-inch belting; 48 buttons; 1 buckle. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-

FROCK NO. B3621.—The chemise frock of long lines is the smartest frock at present. For the frock in medium size: $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 54-inch net for vest; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch lining. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. The skirt is 36 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. Price, 4/-

WAIST NO. B3564; SKIRT NO. B3565.—A frock, one-piece in effect, and suitable for velvet, boasts of a fur belt as well as fur collar and cuffs. For the waist in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 37 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. B3605; SKIRT NO. B3605.—A frock of hunter's green velvet could be enlivened with touches of Chinese yellow embroidery and a collar of ochre satin. For the waist in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch lining; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 44-inch material for sleeves; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of contrasting material 27 inches wide for trimming. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 37 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. B3633; SKIRT NO. B3634.—A tunic dress would make an excellent afternoon dress either in brocade and velvet or in chiffon and satin. For the waist and tunic in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material for sash; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for underwaist; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 40-inch material for sleeves and sleeve ruffles; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 40-inch material for collars and cuffs. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 36 inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for upper part of skirt; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for lower part of skirt. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. B3493; SKIRT NO. B3494.—This tunic dress might be of blue serge or satin with the tunic faced with pale yellow satin. For the waist in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for tunic facing; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material for collar and cuffs; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch lining. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 37 inches long and 3 yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. B3641; SKIRT NO. B3642.—This tunic dress is suitable for a combination of materials such as satin and chiffon or Georgette crepe and velvet. The long tunic, which comes with the waist pattern, may be trimmed with beads or metal thread embroidery. For the waist in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for overdress; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for lining; 3 yards of 1-inch ribbon; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for collar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 1-inch trimming. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt below the tunic is 37 inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. B3617; SKIRT NO. B3618.—The separate overblouse may be of velvet, the skirt of satin or of serge. For the waist in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of banding for panel trimming; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for lining. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 36 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

FROCK NO. B3638.—A one-piece frock is suitable for serge or for satin, trimmed with wool tassels. For the frock in medium size: $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for lining; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 27-inch material for collar; 36 buttons for sleeves and back of frock; 4 tassels. The skirt is 36 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-

PATTERNS ON PAGE 64

Late January issue

WAIST NO. 23422; SKIRT NO. 23423.—The two-piece overwaist may be of serge, the sleeves and underwaist and upper section of the skirt of satin. For the waist in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch striped material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch plain material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch lining. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 35 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch striped material; $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch plain material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. 23493; SKIRT NO. 23494.—The front and belt are cut in one piece and the basque is adjusted at the side front beneath the belt. For the waist in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material for collar and cuffs; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for tunic facing; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch lining. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 37 inches long and 3 yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. 23286; SKIRT NO. 23287.—The overblouse and underblouse are included in the one pattern for 2/- For the waist in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch material for overblouse; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for gumpie and sleeves. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 35 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

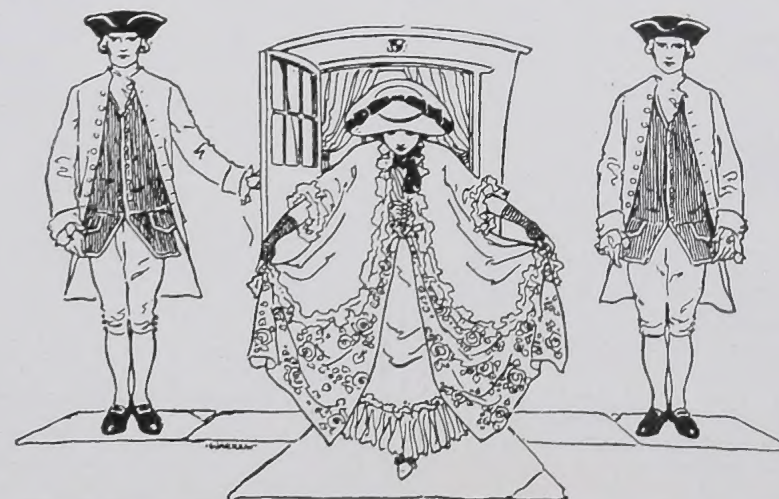
FROCK NO. 23553.—The normal waist-line is marked by a belt in front; the moyen age waist-line is featured in back. For the frock in medium size: $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The skirt is 37 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-

WAIST NO. 23587; SKIRT NO. 23588.—A simple trimming is this of narrow soutache braid sewn on satin. For the waist in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for collar, cuffs, and girdle; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for lining. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 37 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for upper section; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for lower section; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch belting. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. 23316; SKIRT NO. 23317.—If the frock were of taupe satin, the buttons might be moleskin and the loops bronze cord. For the waist in medium size: $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 27-inch material for collar and cuffs; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 37 inches long and 4 yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material 27 inches wide for hip sections; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of trimming; 3 yards of banding. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

WAIST NO. 23519; SKIRT NO. 23520.—The collar and the open, faced under-arm seam are now points of fashion. For the waist in medium size: $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for lining; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 40-inch material for girdle; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material for collar, bias bands, and under-arm faces. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 2/- The skirt is 37 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. For the skirt in medium size: $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, 35 to 41 inches hip measure. Price, 2/-

FROCK NO. 23425.—On a serge morning dress, the trimming may well be rows of round nickel buttons. For the frock in medium size: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 36-inch material for collar facing; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch lining. The skirt is 37 inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide at the hem. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 4/-



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An Ideal Day Cream of the finest Ingredients, with actual Radium. 5/9 per jar.

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Prevents premature Greyness. Eradicates Dandruff. Promotes Luxurious Glossy Hair. 5/9 per bottle; Double size, 10/6

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Dainty Silk Pad, filled actual Radium. Worn during Rest or Sleep removes all tendency to "Double Chin." Price 15/-

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